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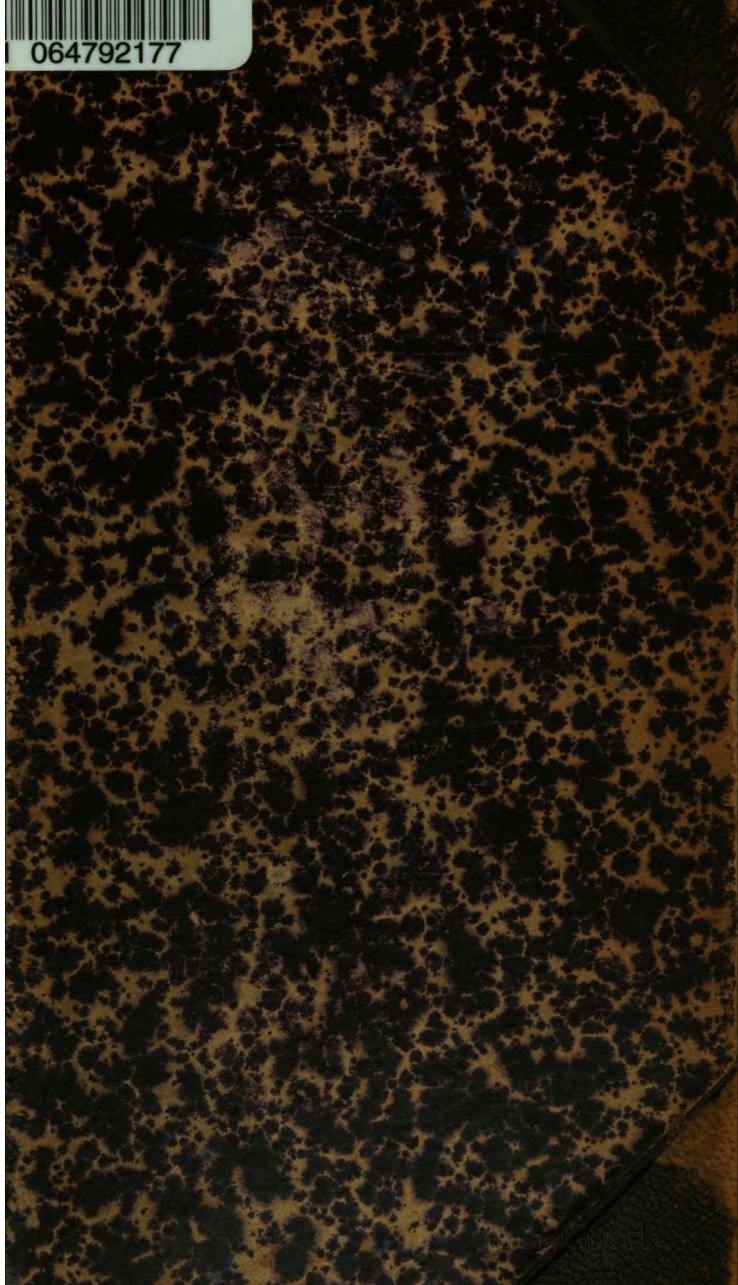
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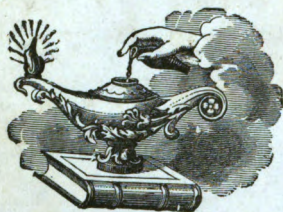
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THE
ART OF ELOCUTION.

Edward B. Anderson

THE
ART OF ELOCUTION:

OR,
LOGICAL AND MUSICAL
READING AND DECLAMATION.

WITH
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING A COPIOUS PRACTICE IN
ORATORICAL, POETICAL, AND DRAMATIC
READING AND RECITATION;

THE WHOLE FORMING
A COMPLETE SPEAKER,
WELL ADAPTED TO PRIVATE PUPILS, CLASSES, AND THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY G. VANDENHOFF.

~~~~~  
SIXTH EDITION.  
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NEW-YORK:
SPALDING & SHEPARD, 139½ BROADWAY.
PHILADELPHIA: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
CINCINNATI: H. W. DERBY & CO.
BOSTON: GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN.

1851.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
C. SHEPARD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

THE work now offered to the Public is an enlargement and improvement, by the addition of much original matter, of the Author's previous publication, entitled "A Plain System of Elocution," which ran through two editions, but which is now so much improved upon as to induce the Author to change its name. The alterations and additions made to that System are the result of reflection, study, and of the experience gathered from an extensive practice as an instructor. The Author has great pleasure in acknowledging the valuable suggestions which he has received and adopted, from his father, JOHN VANDENHOFF, Esq., Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy of Music in London. To Dr. RUSH's Treatise on the Voice, the Author has had recourse for light on many of the niceties of the elementary sounds of our language; and gladly takes this opportunity of offering his humble tribute to the masterly analysis of the voice, its functions and capabilities, contained in that philosophical and eloquent work.

He takes this occasion also to renew his acknowledg-

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ments to those families and heads of academies who have encouraged his attempt to awaken greater attention to this essential branch of education, and who do him the honor to approve of his system of instruction.*

The numerous classes of elegant and accomplished ladies who have read with him, in the houses of families of the highest standing and respectability, prove that a just appreciation is entertained of this art as an indispensable female acquirement: and the attention and improvement of his pupils have made his task one of pleasure and self-gratulation. The correct and elegant enunciation of her native tongue, and a graceful style of reading the language of its prose writers and poets, cannot be too assiduously cultivated by a lady: the accomplishment is peculiarly feminine, and its possession is a distinctive mark of high breeding and good education. If the Author's exertions shall be deemed to have facilitated its acquirement, he will be proud indeed.

G. V.

New-York, May, 1846.

* See Testimonials.

ART OF ELOCUTION

INTRODUCTION.

The value of ELOCUTION ; particularly to the Orator--Elocution a necessary part of Oratory—Sketch of an Orator—"Can Elocution be taught?"—Answer to the Right Reverend Dr. Whately's (Archbishop of Dublin) objections to a *System of Elocution*—the arguments in his *Elements of Rhetoric* ~~con-~~ batted by his arguments in his *Elements of Logic*—Advice to the Student.

ELOCUTION, as its derivation (*eloquor*) indicates, is the art of speaking, or delivering language ; and it embraces every principle and constituent of utterance, from the articulation of the simplest elementary sounds of language, up to the highest expression of which the human voice is capable in speech.

Of the importance, if not the necessity, of such an art to a perfect system of education, one would think there could not be two opinions. We must all *speak* ; it must therefore be desirable to speak with propriety and force ; as much so as regards the *utterance* of our language as its *grammatical accuracy*. And though any *language*, however meagre and

however mean, and any *utterance*, however imperfect and inelegant, (so that it be barely intelligible,) are sufficient for any of the commonest purposes of speech, yet something higher is surely necessary even to the ordinary conversation of the gentleman and the man of education.

But most of us are called upon occasionally in public, even though we may not belong to any of the learned professions, to express our opinions, to state our views, to offer our advice, or to justify some course we may have pursued in relation to affairs in which others beside ourselves are interested; and on such occasions, the advantage of a natural, elegant, and easy delivery cannot but be felt in securing the ready attention and favor of the audience.

To him who desires to make a figure in the Pulpit, in the Senate, or at the Bar, a good delivery, a nervous and elegant style of Elocution, are as essential, almost, as force of argument and grace of language. How many a good story is marred in the telling: how many a good sermon is lost in the preaching: how many a good speech, excellent in matter, argument, arrangement, language, falls listless on the ear, from the apathetic, inelegant, and powerless manner of the speaker! Elocution is indeed a part of oratory, essential to its perfection. He who would touch the heart, "and wield at will the fierce democracie," must he

— "wit, and words, and worth,
Action and utterance, and the power of speech,
To stir men's blood!"

Thus, "doubly armed," the orator rises calm in the confidence of his strength. In vain the angry shout, in vain the discordant tumult of a hostile and prejudiced assembly :

— "illum

Non civium ardor prava jubentium

Mente quatit solidâ."

He stands unmoved amid the storm. He speaks, and "his big manly voice" goes forth, like the trumpet's sound, above all the tumult. He is by turns patient or indignant, bold or yielding, as it suits his purpose: he exhorts, he threatens, he supplicates, he persuades. The storm is hushed—the waves subside; he has stretched his wand over the troubled waters, and the tempest is at rest. And now all hang breathless on his lips;—he warms, he glows, he is on fire: his hearers are carried away with him; they follow him in all his windings, through every change of feeling and passion. He bears down every obstacle; his friends he animates with his enthusiasm, he lashes his opponents with his satire,—he withers them with his scorn, he crushes, he annihilates them with his terrible, his resistless power. And now "Io! Io! Triumphe!" Acclamations of delight rend the air; he is crowned with garlands, he is borne in triumph to his home, the hero of the day; achieving a bloodless victory, a stainless triumph—nobler than was ever won by conquest and the sword—the victory of mind over mind, the triumph of the intellect of one man over the understandings and the hearts of thousands.

Such is the triumph of the *perfect* ORATOR ;—a triumph due as much to the power and grace of delivery, as to the force of argument or the eloquence of diction.

And how is this power and grace of delivery to be acquired ?—for acquired it must be—it is born with no man : it is indeed to this part of oratory that the maxim "*orator fit*" is peculiarly applicable. It is an art ; and is to be attained by rule, by training and discipline, by constant and well regulated exercise, by using the mental faculties to a quick power of analysis of thought, and the cultivation of the ear and vocal organs for a ready appreciation and execution of tone. And that system that furnishes the best and readiest means of attaining these objects, is the best system of Elocution : the one that fails of this is worth nothing.

And here I will take the opportunity of answering the objections of those who are in the habit of promulgating the opinion that Elocution cannot be taught—that is, that it is not an art ; for to deny that it admits of rules, and principles, is to deny it the place of an art. The name of the Rt. Revd. Dr. WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, is the greatest that I find among the list of these objectors ; and in answering his objections to all or any *System of Elocution*, I shall be able, I think, to dispose of the whole question—"Can Elocution be taught?"

Dr. Whately, in his *ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC*, (Part IV. c. 2,) while he admits, and indeed insists on, the importance of a good Elocution, emphatically *protests against any sys-*

tem for its attainment : his own directions being that every person should read and speak *in a natural manner*; and he says (§ 3, p. 356,*) “ that in reading the Bible, for example, or anything which is not intended to appear as his own composition, it is desirable that he should deliver it as if he were reporting another’s sentiments, which were both fully understood and felt in all their force by the reporter.” Admitted; this is the very object of Elocution : and how is it to be attained ? He tells us—“ the only way to do this effectually, *with such modulations of voice, &c. as are suitable to each word and passage, is to fix the mind earnestly on the meaning, and leave nature and habit to suggest the utterance* : and for this plan “ he lays claim to some originality of his own” (Part IV. c. i, § 1); though he says, (c. ii., § 2,) that “ it is not enough that the reader should himself *actually* understand a composition ; *it is possible, notwithstanding, to read it as if he did not* : and in the same manner, it is not sufficient that he should himself feel and be impressed with the force of what he utters ; *he may, notwithstanding, deliver it as if he were unimpressed.*” Now can anything be so vague and so contradictory as such directions as these : “ *Don’t use any system of Elocution : it will give you a false style ; but read and speak naturally, as if you understood and felt what you are reading and speaking ; nature and habit will show you how ; though, at the same time, however clearly you may understand, and however deeply you may feel what*

* London edition.

you are delivering, it is quite possible that that you may, notwithstanding, deliver it with an utter absence of understanding and feeling."

And why? Clearly *for the want of a system*, which by rules and principles of art shall render such a contradiction next to impossible.

The right reverend and learned Doctor (c. ii., § 2,) lays it down that, "To the adoption of any such artificial scheme of Elocution—(that is, by a peculiar set of marks for denoting the pauses, emphases, &c.)—there are three weighty objections": and the reverend and learned logician states the objections to be,

"1st. That the proposed system must necessarily be *imperfect* ;

"2dly. That *if it were perfect*, it would be a *circuitous path* to the object in view ; and,

"3dly. That *even if both these objections were removed*, the object would not be effectually obtained."

That is, even if the system were *perfect*, and not only *perfect*, but *direct*, still it would not be effectual! To the learned Doctor, who is a master of the syllogism, and of every form of argument, this may be clear ; but, I confess, it puzzles my duller apprehension to understand how *inefficiency* can follow from the *perfection of means* working *directly* to their end. However, let us examine how the learned and reverend Doctor proceeds to prove the validity of his objections to this artificial system of Elocution. He says in the same section, "First, such a system must ne-

cessarily be imperfect, because, though the *emphatic* word in each sentence may easily be pointed out in writing, no variety of marks would suffice to indicate the different *tones* in which the different emphatic words should be pronounced: though on this depends frequently the whole force, and even sense of the expression."

As an instance, he gives the following passage, (Mark, iv., 21): "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed?" And he adds, "I have heard this so pronounced as to imply that there was *no other alternative*, and yet *the emphasis* was laid on the right words?"

What emphasis? The Doctor (with respect I speak it) clearly is not versed in the distinction between *inflection* and *emphasis*, or in the difference between one species of emphasis and another. I reply to him, that a pupil who had had three lessons only in Elocution, on a good analytical system, could not have been guilty of the gross perversion of sense, by false reading, instanced above; for he would have learnt very early in his course, the inflection due to a simple interrogative sense,—that apposition of meaning requires apposition of inflection,—and that, to make *antithetical inflections* and *emphasis* on words having apposition of *meaning*, is such a total subversion of every rule of Elocution and common sense, as to excite wonder at the *possibility* of any rational being falling into so absurd an error. And the same pupil, if called upon to mark to the eye the correct reading of the above sentence, could immediately do it, (certainly, any pupil of mine could,) so as to

preclude the commission of so gross an error—equal, in its absurdity, to that of the aspiring youth, who, reckless of pause, inflection, or emphasis, stated that

“His name was Norval on the Grampian hills,”—

leaving the hearer to imagine that in the lowlands he went under another cognomen.

But, really, the whole course of the right reverend prelate against a *system of Elocution*, is so weak and illogical that it is painful to follow him step by step.

He proceeds to say, that such a system, if perfect, must be *circuitous*, because it professes to teach the tones, emphases, &c. which *nature*, or custom, which is a second nature, *suggests*—that is, because its principles must be *founded on nature*. And he asks triumphantly—“Then, if this be the case, why not leave nature to do her own work?”

The answer is obvious: because were we to leave nature to do her own work, we should never emerge from a rude state of nature; her work would be “*ferox, dura, aspera*.”

It is natural to man to walk erect; but the infant is assisted in its earliest efforts: and though every person can walk, it is not every person, by any means, who carries himself firmly, easily, and gracefully. We see a stooping carriage, rounded shoulders, a shuffling gait, an uneven uncertain step; yet all *walk*, and walk as their nature, or custom, (which, as Dr. Whately says, is second nature,) leads them; and every time they indulge this their nature,

they confirm themselves in the practice of a vicious habit. Hence, it is not thought preposterous, or unworthy of a gentleman, to *learn to walk*, or at least to improve his personal carriage, under the directions of a drill-serjeant and a fencing master; and to acquire by art and exercise the bearing and manly step which distinguish the gentleman from the uncultivated hind. Thus, it is clear, that it is not always enough to leave nature to herself: when so left, she frequently degenerates and becomes vitiated; and we are obliged to go back to certain principles, drawn even from herself, to restore her to her perfect form, complexion, and condition.

“Lastly,” says the right reverend Doctor, “if a person could learn thus to read and speak, as it were *by note*, with the same fluency and accuracy as are attainable in the case of singing, still the desired object of a perfectly *natural* as well as correct elocution, would never be in this way attained. *The reader’s attention being fixed on his own voice*, the inevitable consequence would be, that he would betray more or less his studied and artificial delivery; and would, in the same degree, manifest an offensive affectation.”

Now, the very object of a system of Elocution, such as the right reverend Doctor so strenuously condemns, is to give, by practice on just principles, *an habitual power* of vocal intonation, inflection, and expression, suited to every condition of sense, every style of composition, every variety of feeling, every vicissitude of passion: and the Elocutionist who is thoroughly master of his art, no more *fixes his at-*

tion, while speaking, *on his own voice*, or on the rules by which he is producing his effects, than the Rhetorician, in the course of a composition or an oration, is thinking minutely of every rule of grammar, logic or rhetoric, by which to construct his sentences, to round his periods, to divide his discourse, or to conduct his argument. The skilful fencer, whom practice has made master of his weapon, uses it rapidly and with effect, without thinking of the *names* of the *guards* or *parades* that he is executing.

“When one is learning a language, he attends to the sounds ; but when he is master of it, he attends only to the sense of what he would express.”—(*Reid on the Mind.*)

So, in pursuing a system of Elocution, the pupil acquires *an easy habit*, or style of delivery, by exercising himself, on rule, in giving voice and expression to the language of others, or to his own premeditated and pre-written effusions,—till, from practice, what he has done continually, by rule and art, in set and studied speech, he comes at last to execute easily and naturally, and without thought of the means, in spontaneous and original effusions.

I shall conclude my answer to Dr. Whately's objections by an extract from his preface to his own *ELEMENTS OF LOGIC*: the remarks in which, in defence of a *System of Logic*, are, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly applicable to his own objections to a *System of Elocution* ; so that I am happy to have it in my power to be able to bring against him a much higher authority than myself—*his own* ; and to let the just reasoning contained in his “*Elements of Logic*,” refute the

false positions put forth in his "*Elements of Rhetoric*." He thus ably and happily maintains the utility of Logic, and shows the importance and necessity of a system for its attainment:

"One preliminary observation it may be worth while to offer in this place. If it were inquired, what is to be regarded as the most appropriate intellectual occupation of *man, as man*, what would be the answer? The statesman is engaged with political affairs; the soldier, with military; the mathematician, with the properties of numbers and magnitudes; the merchant, with commercial concerns, &c.; but in what are *all* and each of these employed?—employed, I mean, as men. Evidently, in *reasoning*. They are all occupied in deducing, well or ill, conclusions from premises; each concerning the subject of his own particular business. If, therefore, it be found that the process going on daily, in each of so many different minds, is, in any respect, the *same*, and if the principles on which it is conducted can be reduced to a regular system, and if rules can be deduced from that system, for the better conducting of the process, then, it can hardly be denied, that such a system and such rules must be especially worthy the attention,—not of the members of this or that profession merely, but—of every one who is desirous of possessing a cultivated mind. To understand the theory of that which is the appropriate intellectual occupation of Man in general, and to learn to do that *well*, which every one will and *must* do, whether well or ill, may surely

be considered as an essential part of a liberal education."

This is most true, apt, clear, and conclusive; and it is as applicable to Elocution as to Logic. *Speech*, as much as reason, distinguishes man from the brute; *all* men *must* use it, whether well or ill, in the daily concerns of their lives, or in more public affairs, and in a more extensive arena: and the advantages of a system for doing it well are equally apparent.

The following passage from the same preface is a direct answer to the right reverend Doctor's own objections to an artificial system of Elocution:

"It has usually been assumed, however, in the case of the present subject, that a theory which does not tend to the improvement of practice is utterly unworthy of regard; and then, it is contended that Logic (*Elocution*) has no such tendency, on the plea that men may and do reason (*speak*) correctly without it: an objection which would equally apply in the case of Grammar, Music, Chemistry, Mechanics, &c., in all of which systems the practice must have existed previously to the theory."

How alive the right reverend Doctor is to the weakness of the argument against a system for *his* favorite science, and yet with what triumph he uses the same defeated argument against *my* art,—exclaiming, "Then why not leave nature, or custom, which is second nature, to do her own work?"

He proceeds, and I go with him heartily :

“ But many who allow the use of systematic principles in other things, are accustomed to cry up common sense as the sufficient and only safe guide in reasoning.” (*This is exactly what the reverend Doctor himself does in the case of Elocution*,—and therefore let him give the *coup de grace* to his own position.)

“ Now, by common sense is meant, I apprehend, (when the term is used with any distinct meaning,) an exercise of the judgment unaided by any art or system of rules ; such an exercise as we must necessarily employ in numberless cases of daily occurrence ; in which, having no established principles to guide us,—no line of procedure, as it were, distinctly chalked out,—we must needs act on the best extemporaneous conjectures we can form. But that common sense is only our *second* best guide,—that the rules of art, if judiciously framed, are always desirable when they can be had, is an assertion for the truth of which I may appeal to the testimony of mankind in general ; which is so much the more valuable, inasmuch as it may be accounted the testimony of *adversaries*. For the generality have a strong predilection in favor of common sense, except in those points in which they, respectively, *possess the knowledge of a system of rules* ; but, in these points, they deride any one who trusts to unaided common sense. A sailor, *e. g.*, will perhaps despise the pretensions of medical men, and prefer treating a disease by common sense ; but he would

ridicule the proposal of navigating a ship by common sense, without regard to the maxims of nautical art. A physician, again, will perhaps condemn systems of political economy, of logic, or metaphysics, and insist on the superior wisdom of trusting to common sense in such matters ; but he would never approve of trusting to common sense in the treatment of diseases. Neither, again, would the architect recommend a reliance on common sense alone in building, nor the musician in music, to the neglect of those systems of rules, which, in their respective arts, have been deduced from scientific reasoning, aided by experience. And the induction might be extended to every department of practice. Since, therefore, *each gives the preference to unassisted common sense only in those cases where he himself has nothing else to trust to, and invariably resorts to the rules of art wherever he possesses the knowledge of them*, it is plain that mankind universally bear their testimony, *though unconsciously, and often unwillingly*, to the preferableness of systematic knowledge to conjectural judgments."

Now, could any one have furnished a clearer, more logical, or more satisfying answer than the above, to the learned and right reverend Doctor's own objections to a *system of Elocution* ; and to his doctrine, in his Elements of Rhetoric, in favor of "unaided common sense," against "the rules of art" in *delivery*, viz. : "The practical rule to be adopted, is not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense ; trusting to na-

ture, (*i. e.*, common sense,) to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones”!

I am contented that the learned prelate’s doctrine should be adjudged on his own arguments, and that his objections to a system of *Elocution* (which he does not possess) should be answered by his able defence of a system of *Logic*, of the rules of which he is master.

I have dwelt thus long on the right reverend prelate’s opposition to *Elocution* as an art, because I have frequently felt that his testimony was of great weight with many, in deterring them from a study pronounced useless or impracticable by so high an authority,—and one deserving great consideration and respect, from the station, erudition, general clearness of reasoning, and the attainments of its author : and it is therefore a source of great satisfaction to me, to find that he has himself (in his *Elements of Logic*) furnished arguments against himself, (in his *Elements of Rhetoric*,) of a clearness and force that no effort of mine could have attained to.

I will once more take advantage of the same admirable preface, to adopt for my own purpose the language of the right reverend Doctor :

“I am not so weak as to imagine that any system can ensure great proficiency in any pursuit whatever, either in all students, or in a very large proportion of them : ‘We sow many seeds to obtain a few flowers.’”

But I am happy to be able to add, that I have been gratified by finding my efforts rewarded by the marked im-

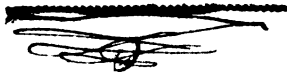
provement in voice, delivery, expression and gesture, of many pupils who have attended my course of instruction for but a short period; and in the still greater advance of those who have patiently, and steadily, and laboriously carried out the system that I have laid down. That system has no pretension to profundity, but it is *simple* and *intelligible*, and, I think I may venture to add, (as far as it goes,) correct in theory, and *easy of practice*. It will, therefore, I trust, be found of service to the student in the acquisition of an art which is daily gaining ground, as an essential part of the education of a gentleman.

I have added to the system a full practice in reading and declamation, extracted from the works of the best authors in prose and verse, and in every variety of style. The mere reading *aloud* of these extracts, as practice in reading and declamation, (after an understanding of the rules and principles laid down in the system,) even without an instructor, will be of great advantage to the student. He will reap at least the benefit of accustoming his ear to the flow of the language, and so, insensibly, catching something of the strength and spirit of their diction.

If he go a step further, and read them under the direction of a guide who can point out to him the peculiar merits of each, and show him, analytically, how every beauty may be heightened and brought out into strong relief,—if he will practise himself with such an instructor, on such models, disciplining his ear, his action, and his voice, he

may hope to attain a style of *Composition, Declamation, and Gesture*, clear, manly, forcible and graceful.

With these acquirements united, he may go forth with confidence to address any assembly in the world : his basis will be sure ; practice will give ease and confidence to his efforts ; and exercise and perseverance amid the "*forensis strepitus*," or whatever other public arena he may choose as the scene of his exertions, will make him a valuable ally, a safe defender, a dangerous antagonist, a skilful debater, a **PERFECT ORATOR !**



ART OF ELOCUTION.

FIRST DIVISION.

ELEMENTS.

Articulation.—Pronunciation.

“THE end of oratory is to *persuade*. We cannot persuade without being first *clearly understood* ; we cannot be clearly understood without distinct utterance,—that is, a clear

ARTICULATION.

This is the first requisite in the reading both of prose and poetry. Without it, the metre and rhythm of verse are destroyed ; many words are not distinguishable in sound from others of somewhat similar form, though of widely different signification ; and the whole delivery is confused and inelegant. With a distinct articulation, a speaker of only moderate power of voice is heard in any place or assembly, much more easily, and with less effort to himself, than one of much greater power of organ, whose articulation is imperfect : for it has been observed, that loud, confused *noise*, even though much greater in degree, does not travel as far as pure and musical sound.

Hence the necessity, before all other things, of a clear, pure articulation.

To acquire this perfectly, it is necessary to recur to the first *principia*,—that is, the **ELEMENTARY SOUNDS** of our language.

Speech is *articulate vocal sound*. That sound is represented to the *eye* by *signs*: these signs are *letters*,—combined into *syllables*, which syllables are combined into *words*—the perfect signs of things; and the vocal utterance of these signs is *speech*.

Brutes have *vocal sounds*, but not *speech*: for the sounds they utter are not *articulate*. It is given to Man alone to shape his voice into intelligible articulate sound, which can communicate thought, desire, passion, to his fellow-men.

Perfect articulation, then, depends on the clear enunciation of certain *elementary sounds*, whose combination forms words.

The signs or letters representing these sounds, and forming the alphabet of our language, have been classified by grammarians, principally as *vowels* and *consonants*; and they define a *vowel* as a simple sound, perfect in itself,—and a *consonant*, as a sound that cannot be uttered without the addition or help of a vowel.

But this nomenclature and definition is imperfect as a guide and mark of the *articulate sounds*, whatever may be its value as a classification of the *alphabetical signs* of our language. It is true, indeed, that a *consonant* (so called from its supposed dependence for its sound on an attendant vowel,) cannot be individually

named without the help of a vowel : that is to say, the sign or letter B is named *be*, C *se*, D *de*, and so on ; but these consonants, in their combination with other signs, do not require for their perfect utterance the aid of a vowel at all ; so that their *names* as *signs* are as distinct from their power as *sounds*, as the names *alpha*, *beta*, *theta*, of the Greek alphabet, are distinct from the value or power of the *sounds* of α , β , θ , when combined into syllables and words.

For, if a consonant required, of necessity, an attendant vowel before it could be uttered, we never could enunciate at all such words as *black*, *brandy*, *claim*, *draw*, *flow*, *grow*, *throw*, *strike*, and other words commencing with *two or three successive consonants* without the interposition of any vowel : for it will be clear to any one who will commence the utterance of any such word, and break off *before arriving at the vowel*, that he can and must complete the sounds of the consonants without its assistance.

Thus, let any one begin to utter the word *brandy*, (*br-andy*,) and suddenly arrest his voice upon *br*, and he will perceive that he has uttered a *sound* and *tone* without the aid of a vowel ; and so of *cl-ose*, *th-row*, *fl-ow*, *cr-owd*, *sh-ame*, *p-ray*, &c. ; and it is really the same with words commencing with a single consonant only, as *b-ad*, *c-old*, *r-ide*, *m-ake*, &c. Each sign, whether a vowel or a consonant, has its proper elementary sound or sounds, however different in quality or degree of tone those sounds may be.

Again, the SEVEN VOWEL SIGNS in our language,

A, E, I, O, U, W, Y,

represent many more sounds, monothongal and diphthongal, as will be found in the utterance of the following common words :

A-ll, a-rm, a-t, a-le, e-ve, e-nd, i-n, i-sle,
o-ld, o-n, d-o, u-s, u-nion,

in which the sign A, alone, represents *four* distinct sounds.

And there are many consonant sounds which are not represented by any *single* sign or letter, but require the combination of several letters to represent their power : as the sounds *ch* in *church*, *th* (soft) in *truth*, *thin*, and *th* (hard) in *that*, &c.

Yet these are elementary sounds ; and this shows the necessity of clearly distinguishing between the mere *alphabetical sign* and the *elementary sound*, or *sounds*, which it represents.

Now, as the perfect appreciation and utterance of the elementary sounds are necessary to the attainment of a clear and distinct articulation of the language, which their combination forms, it is essential to adopt a classification and nomenclature which shall convey a clear and distinct idea of their value in speech. For that end, none can be found more definite and exact than that propounded by Dr. Rush, in his eloquent and philosophical work on the human voice.

He divides the elementary sounds of our language into

1. TONICS—2. SUB-TONICS—3. ATONICS;

which may be thus briefly defined :

1. **TONICS** (having tone)—those elementary sounds which have a distinct and perfect *tone* or *vocality*, proper to themselves, and capable of being held or prolonged by the voice indefinitely.

Such is the sound of *a* in *a-rm*, *a-ll*, &c., of *e* in *e-ve*, of *o* in *o-ld*, &c.

By *vocality* is meant that *full*, or (as Dr. Rush defines it) "that *raucus* quality of voice which is contradistinguished from a whisper or aspiration." This distinction may be illustrated by uttering the exclamations "*um!*" as an expression of *doubt*, *inquiry*, &c., and "*sh!*" (for *hush!*) as enforcing silence: in the first of which (*um!*) there is *vocality*, and in the second (*sh!*) merely a whispered aspiration, without *tone* or *vocal sound*.

2. **SUB-TONICS**—whose sound has also *tone* or *vocality*, but *inferior* to that of the *tonics* in fullness and power of sustainment.

Such is the sound of *b* as heard in *b-ad*, *d* in *d-ear*, *l* in *l-one*, *m* in *m-ode*, *n* in *n-ose*, &c.

3. **ATONICS**—whose *sound* is *without tone*; that is, an impulsion of *breath* without *vocality*.*

Such is the sound of *p* heard in *p-ad*, *t* in *t-ime*, *s* in *s-igh*, *f* in *f-ade*; the utterance of which is in the nature of an *explosive whisper*.

* Mr. Knowles, in his Grammar, talks of "*voice without breath*," as the distinctive mark of the pure semi-vowels. Voice without breath! This is an organic impossibility. Voice cannot be produced without breath, though *breath alone* does not, without the assistance of the vocal organs, produce voice: as, in uttering the letter *S*, a mere *sibilation* of the breath takes place without *vocality*: for the hissing of a serpent is not a *vocal* sound; though the word *hiss* cannot be uttered without the

TONICS.

The following is a list of the *pure Tonics*: their sound is given in the separated *Italic* of each word, according to its ordinary pronunciation.

1 A-ll Ō-n		2 A-rm	3 A-t	4 A-le
5 Th-ē-re Ē-nd		6 Ē-ve Ī-ll		7 O-ld
8 D-ō B-ŭ-ll		9 Ū-rn Ū-s		

1. The tonic sound of *a* in *a-ll*, and of *o* in *o-n*, is organically the same; with this difference in quantity, that in *a-ll* it is long, in *o-n* it is short; they are accordingly here marked under the same numeral, with the distinctive mark *—*, *long*, or *∪*, *short*.

6. So the tonic of *e* in *ē-ve*, and of *i* in *ī-ll*, is organically the same, differing only in quantity; numbered and marked accordingly.

5. The same of *e* in *thē-re*, and *e* in *end*.

8. The same of *o* in *d-ō*, and *u* in *b-ŭ-ll*.

9. And of *u* in *ŭ-rn*, and *u* in *ŭ-s*.

We have in the above scheme *nine distinct* pure tonic elements, whose sound is *monothongal*; that is, capable of being produced by one simple process of articulation, and of being prolonged to an indefinite time, without any change of tone, or

serpent-like sibilation. Voice without breath is *flame without fire!*

alteration of the vocal organs, from the commencement to the close of its sound.

The term *monothongal* is used in contradistinction to

MIXED OR DIPHTHONGAL TONICS,

which are

Ai-l, I-sle, Ou-r, Oi-l, U-nion.*

The above two lists of pure and mixed tonics contain *all* the *tonic* sounds, monothongal and diphthongal, that are found in our language.†

Of course, in speaking here of *diphthongal tonics*, I discard the *grammatical* definition of a diphthong: for, according to that, the sound of *oo*, as in *ooze*, is called diphthongal, whereas it is really a *pure tonic* element; it is the sound of *o* in *d-o*. In articulation, a diphthong is the *union* of two *tonics*, in which the actual utterance of each takes place: the *radical*, or com-

* *Ā-le, Äi-l.*—The authority of Dr. Rush is in favor of considering these sounds identical; that is, he classes the *ā* in *a-le* as *diphthongal*; but after a very nice examination by a good ear, I think a distinct sound may be traced in *äi-d*, from that which is found in *sa-de*—in *päi-n*, from *pa-ne*. For this reason I have classed them as separate *tonic* sounds; the one *pure*, the other *mixed*.

† It is necessary to observe, that in adopting the nomenclature of the elementary sounds, propounded by Dr. Rush, I have thought it advisable to depart in some instances from his arrangement and definition of those sounds, and also to make additions thereto. I mention this, that that learned and philosophical writer may not, by any chance, have to bear the imputation of any errors which may appear in my arrangement or definition of those elementary sounds, or of their power and value in speech.

encing sound, being different from that which is heard at its *close* or *vanish*; thus, the sound of the *name* of the letter *u*, (as heard in the word *u-nion*,) is compounded of the $\overset{\circ}{e}$ in *e-ve* and the $\overset{\circ}{o}$ in *d-o*: that is, its *radical* (or root) is $\overset{\circ}{e}$, its *vanish* is $\overset{\circ}{o}$, making $\overset{\circ}{e}\overset{\circ}{o}$, or \ddot{u} , as in *u-nion*.

The following table shows at one view the whole system of Tonic Elements, pure or monothongal, and mixed or diphthongal.

— TABLE
OF
TONIC ELEMENTS.

1 a-ll ò-n		2 a-rm	3 a-t	4 a-le	5 th-è-re è-nd	
6 è-ve ì-ll		7 o-ld	8 d-o b-û-ll		9 û-rn û-s.	

VOWEL SIGNS.	NO. for reference to the above.	EXAMPLES.
A has <i>four</i> pure tonics, <i>proper</i> to itself, and <i>one borrowed</i> or com- mon.	1 (-) 2 3 4 5 (-)	all—war—eall—pall. arm—father—rather—card. at—ask—cat—apple—lap. ale—cane—ace. care—lair—mare—dare.
E has <i>three</i> tonics—two pure and <i>proper</i> , one <i>borrowed</i> or common	5 (-) 5 (∪) 6 (-) 9 (∪)	{ ere—there—ne'er. { end—bet—mess—ever. eve—me—fee—leave. err—learn—fern—mercy.
I has <i>three</i> tonics—two <i>borrowed</i> , pure ; one <i>mixed</i> or diphth.(ui)	6 (-) 6 (∪) 9 (∪) diph. 9.6.	{ fiend—field—wield. { ill—in—it—list. fir—first—thirst. Î—sigh—mine—lie.
O has <i>four</i> tonics—one pure and <i>proper</i> , and <i>three borrowed</i> . . .	7 1 (∪) 8 (-) 9 (∪)	old—no—bold—go. on—rot—for—lord—cough. do—whom—boot—fool. son—none—come—other.
U has <i>three</i> tonics—one pure and <i>proper</i> , one <i>borrowed</i> , one <i>mixed</i> or diphthongal (6.8.)	9 (-) 9 (∪) 8 (-) 8 (∪) diph. 6.8.	{ urn—burn—curd—purse. { us—bun—cut—blush. { true—rude. { bull—bush. Û—union—tune—duke.
Y has <i>two</i> tonics, both <i>borrowed</i> —one pure, one diphth. (9.6). . .	6 diph. 9.6.	pity—army—nymph. ÿ—by—my—dye.
W has <i>one</i> tonic sound, <i>borrowed</i>	8 (-)	now—cow—bow.

the tonic sound heard in ¹*all*. Again, in ⁷*low*, the *w* is mute, and also in ⁷*bow* (arcus), though heard in the verb *to* ^{1 8}*bow*.

We shall see hereafter the *sub-tonic* character of *W* and *Y*.

AI.—This diphthong is composed of ⁴*a* and ⁶*i*, as in *pain*, *ail*, which are distinguishable to a fine ear from the pure tonic in ⁴*ale*, ⁴*pane*, &c.; but the distinction is really very slight—still it exists.

OI—as in *boy*, *voice*, is ^{1 6}*ai*.

OU—as in *our*, *out*, &c., is of a complex nature, and appears to be triph-thongal. It seems to my ear to be compounded of ^{2 1 8}*aou*; but I am not quite clear as to its elements. For reference to the eye, I shall distinguish it thus, ⁶*ou*, (to denote its triph-thongal character,) in the following

EXERCISE ON THE TONICS.

¹All ²art ³as ⁴natūre ^{5 8}bēttēr understood.

³And ³that ⁵thēre ⁶is ¹all ⁴natūre ³criēs ¹ālōud ¹through ¹all ⁹hēr ⁹wōrks.

¹All ⁴pālē ⁶wīth ⁶pāin ⁶he ⁶fāinted ⁶īn ⁴the ⁴plāce.

³And ⁶Eve ⁶īn ⁶Eden ^{5 9}ēvēr ³happī ⁶thēre.

⁶If ⁶īnfidelīty ⁶fīrst ⁹vīctīms ⁶fīnd.

Oh ⁷holī ⁷hōpe, ³tō ¹live ¹beyōnd ⁸the ⁸tōmb.

The ⁹wōnder ⁹and ⁹the ⁹wōrship ⁹of ⁹the ⁹wōrld.

För fortune frōwned upōn his cāuse för lōrn.

The tōrrent rōared impetuous in its cōurse.

My hōarseness forces me to stop my hōrse.

The dōors are ōpen,

And the surfeited grooms do mōck their charge
with snōres.

Füll ōften ūnderrates the fütüre gōod.

Nōw lāw shall bōw before the pōwer of arms.

Ōur wōunds cry ōut for help.

And būrning blūshes spread ō'er all her cheek.

Let the pupil now go through the *Table of Tonic Sounds*, giving to every element its *perfect* sound, in a *full, loud* tone of voice, but without strain or painful effort. This, more than any practice, will tend to strengthen and bring out his voice (see "VOCAL GYMNASTICS"); and next, let him go carefully through the *Exercise on the Tonics*, until he shall read them with perfect purity of *tonic* sound. The careful doing of this at the outset, will save the pupil much after-trouble in the matter of articulation.

We now pass to the

SUB TONICS (15)—ATONICS (10.)

TABLE OF SUBTONICS AND ATONICS.

	<i>Subt.</i>	<i>At.</i>	<i>Organic Formation.</i>	<i>Examples.</i>
1	B	— P	Pure labial	B-ad. P-ay.
2	D	— T	Lingua-dental (<i>teeth closed</i>)	D-ash. T-ask.
3	G	— K	Palatine	G-um. K-ill.
4	V	— F	Labia-dental	V-at. F-ight.
5	Z	— S	Dental sibilants (<i>teeth open</i>)	Z-eal. S-ame.
6	J	— Ch	Lingua-palatine sibilant	J-udge. Ch-urch.
7	Zsh—	Sh	Palatine sibilant	A-z-ure. Sh-ame.
8	Th— (hard)	Th (soft)	Lingua-dental (<i>teeth open</i>)	Th-en. Th-in :
9	Y	— H	Palatine aspirates	Y-et. H-it.
10	W	— Wh	Labial aspirates	W-ild. Wh-en.
11	R	— —	Lingua-palatine (<i>vibrat'g</i>)	R-ome. R-ide.
12	L	— —	Lingua-palatine	L-ull. L-ily.
13	M	— —	Nasal-labial	M-um. M-ind.
14	N	— —	Nasal—lingua-palatine	N-u-n. N-o-w.
15	Ng	— —	Nasal—palatine	E-ng-land. Thi-ng.

OBSERVATIONS.

It will be observed that the *A-tonics* have each their appropriate *Sub-tonics*, to which they belong, and of which they are the *vanish*, or last fading sound: thus B, when sounded, after its *tone* or *vocality* ceases, fades into P; D into T; G (*hard*) into K, &c.; as may be perceived by sounding the syllables *Bab*, *Did*, *Gig*, &c.

9 and 10.—Y and W, when initials, lose their *full tonic* character, which they have when final; and become sub-tonic aspirates in their connection with a succeeding tonic. as in *ye*,

yet, we, won. When *w* is followed by an *h*, the aspiration is doubled, as *wh-o*, *wh-en*, *wh-y*. The aspiration is made by the flow of breath—in *Y*, over the tongue—in *W*, through the protruded lips.

DIRECTION.—The pupil, or teacher, must pay particular attention to the *orgunic formation* of the subtonics and atonics, as it will enable him easily to correct defects of articulation.

EXERCISE

ON THE

SUB-TONICS AND A-TONICS.

1. Black bubbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds.

The painted pomp of pleasure's proud parade.

2. Decide the dispute during dinner-time, by dividing the difference.

Tourists thronged, from time to time, to traverse the Thames tunnel.

3. Gregory, going gaily, galloped gallantly to the gate.

Crazed with corroding cares, and killed with consuming complaints.

4. Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.

Frank Feron flattered his friends, but failed not to find fault with his foes.

5. His zeal was blazoned from zone to zone.

Serpents and snakes were scattered on the sea.

6. Judge and jury adjourned the judgment.

Chosen champion of the church, he cherished her children.

7. The azure sea is shining with ships, that shape their course for home.

8. This thread is thinner than that thistle there.

9. Year after year the o'er-ripe ear is lost.

Ye heard him hurry yelling o'er your head.

Up a high hill he heaved a huge, hard stone.

10. We wildly wish, while wiser workmen win whate'er will worth reward.

11. And rugged rocks re-echo with his roar.

12. Lamely the lion limped along the lawn.

13. Many men of many minds, mixing in multifarious matters of much moment.

14. None know nor need to know his name.

15. England's king lay waking and thinking, while his subjects were sleeping.

VALUE OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

All deficiencies of articulation (not proceeding from organic defect) are merely an imperfect or difficult utterance of the elementary sounds—*tonics*, *sub-tonics*,

and *atonics*—of which our language is composed ; for it is manifest, that if the parts be perfect, the whole must be perfect also : and therefore, if our articulation of the elemental sounds be just, our articulation of all the syllables and words which their combination forms must also be just.

What is lisping, or stammering ? An imperfect or faulty utterance of certain elemental sounds. Show the person who lisps or stammers, (always excepting the case of organic defect,) the organic *process of articulation* of the particular sound in which his utterance is imperfect, and make him practise that process of articulation, and there is no doubt of the result ; his defect, if not organic, will be removed, and he will speak clearly and distinctly.

Slovenly articulation is *mis-spelling* to the *ear* ; and is as great a blemish to speech as false spelling is to a written letter : one fault should be as carefully guarded against as the other, in early education. This can only be done by justly distinguishing between the *sign* and the *sound*, and practising the pupil on all the elementary sounds of which his language is composed, until he is perfectly master of them in all their combinations.

The necessity of a distinct articulation will be made apparent at once by reading the following

EXAMPLES.

1. A *serious* man was never before guilty of such a series of follies ; in which every *species* of absurdity was accompanied by a *specious* gravity, which rendered it infinitely amusing.

In this passage, unless the syllables *ies* and *ious* be correctly distinguished by the reader, in the words *serious* and *series*, *species* and *specious*, it must be quite evident that confusion and uncertainty will result to the hearer.

2. The *duke* paid the money *due* to the *Jew* before the *dew* was off the ground ; and the *Jew*, having *duly* acknowledged it, said *adieu* to the *duke* for ever.

This example may help to correct a carelessness very common—that of confounding the consonants *d* and *j* when followed by the sound of *u*, a process which changes *adieu* into *a jew*, *duke* into *juke*, &c. “That’s villainous ;” “reform it altogether.”

A ludicrous instance of this kind of carelessness occurred to me in a town in one of the northern counties of England. I was looking at some apartments which were shown to me by the landlady of the house. They did not exactly *suit* me, and I said so. She, with all the *hauteur* of a disappointed and irritated *proprietress*, replied, “Well, sir, then you can *shoot yourself elsewhere*.” I took my leave, assuring her that I had no such *suicidal* intention. However, I followed the advice she *meant* to give, and did *suit* myself elsewhere.

How commonly do we hear, in ordinary conversation,

A *p’tik’lar* man, instead of a *par-tic-u-lar* man.

A *falle* error, for *fa-tal* error.

A *per-son* of *emenunce*, for *per-son* of *em-i-nence*.

Voilet, or *vielut*, for *vi-o-let*, &c.

To correct these, and similar errors of articulation, arising from a careless utterance of the elementary sounds, the tables of articulation in the "PRACTICE," at the end of the System, are prepared for the reader. Their object is, by frequent practice, to give a habit of clear articulation of certain sounds, syllables, and combinations that are generally *slurred* over.

In practice, I find the greatest carelessness prevailing in the utterance of the following sounds, which I therefore single out for exercise—the numerals indicating the required sound have reference to the Table of Tonic Elements.

³
a.—The tonic sound of *a*, as in ³*at*, in the

SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS

al—ant—able
ar—ance—ative.

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

fatal,	fa-tal,	not	fa-tle.
particular, . .	par-tic-u-lar, . .	not	pur-tic-u-lur.
arrogant, . .	ar-ro-gant, . .	not	ar-ro-gunt.
arrogance, . .	ar-ro-gance, . .	not	ar-ro-gunce.
honorable, . .	hon-o-rable, . .	not	hon-o-rubble.
restorative, . .	res-to-ra-tive, . .	not	res-to-rutive.

[See Table of Articulation, No. 1.]

NOTE.—The indefinite article *a* should *never* have the *long slender* sound of the vowel, as in ⁴*ale*, but the open sound, as in ³*at*. It is exceedingly bad, (and at the same time very common,) to say, ⁴*a* man, ⁴*a* book.

⁵**e.**—The short sound of *e*, as in ⁵*met*, in the

TERMINATIONS

el—et—ent—ence—ess—ety.

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

rebel, . . . reb-*el*, . . . *not* reb-*ble*.
 sarcenet, . . . sarse-*net*, . . . *not* sarse-*nut*, *nor* sarse-*nit*.
 prudent, . . . pru-*dent*, . . . *not* pru-*dunt*.
 prudence, . . . pru-*dence*, . . . *not* pru-*dunce*.
 contentedness, con-*tent-ed-ness*, *not* con-*ten-ted-nuss*.
 sobriety, . . . so-*bri-ety*, . . . *not* so-*bri-utty*.

[See Table No. 2.]

er.—The borrowed sound of the ⁶*e* joined to the liquid *r*, making the syllable ⁶*er*.

This sound is *between* the *e* in *met* and the *u* in *curl*. It is a vulgarity to sound *verse* as *vurse*, *mercy* as *murcy*.

The correct sound of ⁶*e* is attained by striking the *accent* lightly, and without dwelling on the *er*; whereas, in ⁶*ur*, as in *curd*, the sound is more open, and heavier.

[See Table No. 4.]

NOTE.—The definite article *the* must never have the long sound of ⁶*e*, as in *thee*, except before a vowel or a silent *h*.

i.—The short sound of ⁷*i*, as in *sin*, *ci-ty*, in the

TERMINATIONS

in—ity—il-ity—itive—ible, and others of similar form.

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

province, . . .	prov- <i>in</i> ce, . . .	not	prov- <i>ence</i> .
capacity, . . .	ca-pa-ci-ty, . . .	not	ca-pa-ce-ty.
ability, . . .	a-bil-i-ty, . . .	not	a-bil-e-ty.
lenitive, . . .	len-i-tive, . . .	not	len-e-teve.
plausible, . . .	plaus-i-ble, . . .	not	plaus-e-ble.

[See Table No. 3.]

ir.—The borrowed sound of *i* joined to the liquid *r*, making the syllable $\overset{9}{ir}$ distinct from $\overset{9}{ur}$, as in *sir*, which is a lighter and closer sound than *cur*.

Virtue must not be called *vurtue*, nor third *thurd*, &c.

[See Table No. 4.]

$\overset{7}{o}$.—The full and round, open sound of $\overset{7}{o}$ in the

SYLLABLES

o—ow—(unaccented.)

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

opinion, . . .	o-pin-ion, . . .	not	up-pin-ion.
potato, . . .	po-ta-to, . . .	not	put-ta-ta.
fellow, . . .	fel-lo, . . .	not	fel-la.
innovate, . . .	in-no-vate, . . .	not	in-nuv-ate.

[See Table No. 5.]

$\overset{1}{or}$.—The *intermediate* sound of *o*, with *r* in the termination $\overset{1}{or}$, unaccented, which must be kept distinct from $\overset{9}{ur}$.

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

orator, . . . *or-a-tor*, . . . *not or-a-tur*.
 conspirator, . con-spi-ra-tor, . *not con-spir-a-tur*, &c.

⁶⁸
 III.—The *diphthongal* sound of *ü*, like *iu*, as in *pure*, has the same sound as *iew* in *view*, in the following

SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS :

ue—uit—ude—uce—use—uke—ume—une—ure, (ac-
 cented)—ual—unar—ular—uble.

EXAMPLES.

Articulate—

due, *diew*, . . . *not doo*.
 duty, . . . *diuty*, . . . *not dooty*.
 conclude, . . *conclewd*, . . *not conclood*.
 produce, . . *prodeuce*, . . *not prodooce*.
 duke, . . . *diuke*, . . . *not dook*.
 presume, . . *presiume*, . . *not presooome*.
 tune, . . . *tiune*, . . . *not toone*, &c.

[See Table No. 6.]

EXCEPTIONS.

When any of the above terminations are compounded with *r*; and when *ure* is compounded with *s*, as in *sure*, and its derivations, in which cases the pure tonic sound of the *u* prevails,

like *oo* in *poor*, but less *broad* somewhat, and more *rapidly* accented, as

<i>ruler</i> , . . . <i>rooler</i> .	<i>truce</i> , . . . <i>troose</i> .
<i>true</i> , . . . <i>troo</i> .	<i>abstruse</i> , . . . <i>abstroose</i> .
<i>ruin</i> , . . . <i>rooin</i> .	<i>sure</i> , . . . <i>shoor</i> .
<i>protrude</i> , . . . <i>protroode</i> .	<i>insure</i> , . . . <i>inshoor</i> .
<i>ruminate</i> , . . . <i>roominate</i> .	<i>assurance</i> , . . . <i>ashoorance</i> , &c.

[See Table of Exceptions.]

DOUBLE VOWEL SOUNDS.

must be carefully distinguished from *diphthongal* sounds, and the sound of each vowel be duly given, as

ea, as in *area* (*air-y-a*.)

ies, as in *species* (*speeshy-es*), *series* (*seery-es*.)

io, as in *violate* (*vi-o-late*), *vi-o-lence*, &c.

Having gone through the Tables of Practice in the above sounds, let the reader practise the CONTRAST TABLES, to make the distinction between them clearer to the ear.

The above terminations and syllables are those on which the greatest carelessness exists in the articulation of the tonic sounds, and therefore I have selected them for practice; but it is equally necessary to observe the due sounds of the tonics, whether they occur in commencing, middle, or terminating syllables.

In reading the tables, be particular first to get the correct tonic sound of the vowel, as given in the *key-word*, and bear in mind that *articulation* of a sound

does not imply *accentuation* of the *syllable* ; that is part of

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation distinguishes the educated gentleman from the vulgar and unpolished man.

Pronunciation is made up of *articulation* and *accentuation* ; when *both* are perfect, the individual has a correct and elegant pronunciation.

Custom, as Horace has truly said, "*arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi*"—custom is the arbiter and criterion of what is correct in speech ; but then it is the custom of the polite and elegant part of the world, (not of the mere vulgar,) that must guide us ; and of which the Roman poet, writing, as he did, to the cultivated intellects of the Augustan age, must be understood to speak.

The custom of *vulgar thousands* cannot sanctify their errors ; nor can the daily practice of thousands change folly into wisdom, any more than it can corrupt

mischievous	to	mischiev'-ous, or ev'-ious,
horrible	to	horrible,
yellow	to	yallow,
wounds (<i>woonds</i>)	to	wownds,
swoon	to	swound,

or give authority to any similar improprieties.

The pulpit, the senate, and the bar, *ought*, from the advantages of education generally possessed by their members, and from their social position, to be the

standard authorities to which we might appeal with certainty, (for our language is continually undergoing change, addition, and improvement;) but, unfortunately, the gentlemen of the learned professions are frequently so careless in their own pronunciation as rather to require admonition, (*medice, sana te ipsum,*) than to be looked to as authorities; so that they may, (from their own *inaccuracies*) be considered a Court of *Errors*, but not of *Appeal*. We must, therefore, rely upon such lights as we have, and the assistance of those who, well educated in other respects, make their own language their *particular study*.

The following are a few very common examples, (which it is absolutely necessary to correct,) of

ERRONEOUS PRONUNCIATION,

by mal-articulation or false accentuation.

OMISSION OF SUB-TONICS OR ATONICS.

g in *ing*, as in *comin'* for *coming*, *speakin'* for *speaking*, &c.
ts in *sts*, as *insis'* for *insists*, *persis'* for *persists*, &c.

OMISSION OF A MIDDLE OR DOUBLE SUB-TONIC.

m in *mm*, as *imaculate* for *im-maculate*, &c.
n in *nen*, as *pronest*, for *prone-ness*, &c.

FALSE ACCENTUATION.

ar'-o-ma .	for a-ro'-ma	ab'-domen.	for abdo'-men
in'-vite .	for in-vite'	en-gi'ne .	for en'-gine
en'-quiry .	for in-qui'-ry	fi'-nance .	for fi-nan'ce
as pir'-ant	for as-pi'-rant	i'-dea . .	for i-de'-a
adver'-tis .	for ad'-ver-tise	opp'o'nent.	for op-po'-nent

per'-fume (v.) for per-fu'me	mischie'v-ous for mis'-chiev-ous
per-fu'me (n.) for per'-fume	adverti'se-ment "adver'-tishment
pre-ce'-dent(n.) for pre'-ce-dent	se-ree's(series) for see-ry-es, &c.
pre'-ce-dent(adj.) " pre-ce'-dent	

REFINEMENTS IN PRONUNCIATION.

The syllables *car*, *gar*, and *guar*, are, in polite and refined pronunciation, softened thus;

car is made *kya'r*, as *kyart* (cart,) *kyar-pet* (carpet.)

gar and *guar*, *gya'r*, as *gya'rd* (guard,) *gya'rden* (garden,) &c.

Also, before a long and accented *i* or *y*, the letter *k* makes *key*, as *keyi'nd* (kind,) *skey-i'* (sky,) &c.

Such are a few points which I particularly notice, because it is in them that errors most prevail. The nature of this book does not pretend to go into the whole theory of pronunciation: my object is, practically to correct certain prevalent faults of articulation and pronunciation.

[See *Practice on Pronunciation.*]

PRACTICE.—FIRST DIVISION.

TABLES OF ARTICULATION.

TONIC SOUNDS.

¹a—ll—¹o—n—²a—rn—³a—t—⁴a—le—th—⁵e—re—⁵e—nd—⁶e—ve—⁶i—ll—
⁷o—ld—⁸d—⁸a—b—⁸ū—ll—⁹ū—rn—⁹ū—s.

TABLE I.

³a.—The tonic sound of *a*, as in *at*, in the

TERMINATIONS

al	ant—ance	ar
<i>fa-tal</i>	dis-so- { <i>nant</i>	<i>ar-tic-u-lar</i>
<i>na-tal</i>	{ <i>nance</i>	<i>o-rac-u-lar</i>
<i>mor-tal</i>	con-so- { <i>nant</i>	<i>au-ric-u-lar</i>
<i>pas-cal</i>	{ <i>nance</i>	<i>par-tic-u-lar</i>
<i>his-to-ri-cal</i>	ar-ro- { <i>gant</i>	<i>per-pen-dic-u-lar</i>
<i>pas-to-ral</i>	{ <i>gance</i>	<i>joc-u-lar</i>
<i>mus-i-cal</i>	el-e- { <i>gant</i>	<i>mus-cu-lar</i>
<i>su-i-ci-dal</i>	{ <i>gance</i>	<i>ve-hic-u-lar</i>
<i>hom-i-ci-dal</i>	tol-er- { <i>ant</i>	<i>con-su-lar</i>
<i>pic-to-ri-al</i>	{ <i>ance</i>	<i>in-su-lar</i>
	tem-per-ance	
	re-li-ance	
	de-fi-ance	
	va-ri-ance	

a-cy — a-tive

im-per-a-tive
in-dic-a-tive
pal-li-a-tive
purg-a-tive
pre-rog-a-tive
res-tor-a-tive
lax-a-tive
pro-vo-ca-tive
pi-ra-cy
con-spir-a-cy

a-ble

a-mi-a-ble
hon-or-a-ble
res-pect-a-ble
in-val-u-a-ble
nav-ig-a-ble
reas-on-a-ble
a-vail-a-ble
sale-a-ble
re-mark-a-ble
ter-min-a-ble

TABLE II.

e.—The short sound of *ĕ*, as in *mĕt*, in the

TERMINATIONS

ent — ence

pru-dent- <i>ence</i>	in-con-ti-nent- <i>ence</i>	som-no-lent- <i>ence</i>
em-i-nent- <i>ence</i>	dif-fi-dent- <i>ence</i>	im-per-ti-nent- <i>ence</i> .

ess

prone-*ness*
bless-ed-*ness*
cost-li-*ness*
laz-i-*ness*
con-tent-ed-*ness*
su-pine-*ness*

ety

pi-*ety*
so-bri-*ety*
sa-ti-*ety*
so-ci-*ety*
con-tra-ri-*ety*
va-ri-*ety*

et

par-a-*pet*
vi-o-*let*
mar-ti-*net*
sar-ce-*net*
tab-i-*net*
cor-o-*net*

TABLE III.

^ē**i**.—The short sound of *i*, as in ^ē*sin*, ^ē*city*.

TERMINATIONS.

ity	ible	i-tive
ami-a-bil-ity	feas-i-ble	len-i-tive
res-pon-si-bil-ity	plau-si-ble	in-fin-i-tive
affa-bil-ity	di-vis-i-ble	sen-si-tive
hos-til-ity	ris-i-ble	de-fin-i-tive
du-pli-city	in-com-pat-i-ble	in-qui-si-tive.
di-vin-ity	ter-ri-ble	

TABLE IV.

^ē**er-ir**.—The borrowed sounds of *e* and *i*, joined to *r*, making ^ē*ēr* and ^ē*īr*, as in *her*, *sir*, distinct from the sound of ^ū*ūr*, as in *cur*, *curl*.

Read the following table across in *triple* column.

er	ir	ur
verse,	first,	curst.
mercy,	thirsty,	durst.
per-verted,	vir-tue,	bursting.
revert,	shirt,	pursed.
pert,	dirty,	nurseling.
heard,	bird,	word.
early,	firmly,	burly.
preferred,	third,	sturdy.

NOTE.—This distinction is easily made by making the *er* and *ir* *shorter* and *lighter*, (by dwelling less upon them in utterance, and accenting them more rapidly,) than *ur*, which has a broader and more open sound.

TABLE V.

⁷ **o-ow**.—The full and round sound of the vowel *o*, (as in low,) in the vowel *o* and diphthong *ow*, unaccented.

potato,	foll' <i>ow</i> ,	will' <i>ow</i> ,	foll' <i>ow</i> -ing,
o-pinion,	fall' <i>ow</i> ,	bill' <i>ow</i> ,	bell' <i>ow</i> -ing,
o-vation,	fell' <i>ow</i> ,	pill' <i>ow</i> ,	mell' <i>ow</i> -ing,
in-no-vate,	mell' <i>ow</i> .	holl' <i>ow</i> .	pill' <i>owed</i> ,
per-o-ration.			holl' <i>owed</i> .

TABLE VI.

⁶⁸ **u**.—The diphthongal sound of *ü*, (*eu*,) as in pure.

SYLLABLES AND TERMINATIONS.

uce	ume	ue	ual
use	une	uit	uar
uke	urè	ude	ular
			uble
pro-duce.	presume.	due—duty.	lu-nar.
ab-use.	tune.	suit.	con-su-lar.
duke.	en-dure.	ex-ude.	vol-u-ble.
re'f-use.	al-lure.	pre-clude.	joc-u-lar.
ob-tuse.	for'-tune.	pur-sue.	an-nu-al.
re-duce.	con-sume.	con-clude.	rit-u-al.
dif-fuse.	im-por-tune.	im-bue.	for-mu-la.
re-buke.	re-lume.	pur-suit.	sin'g-u-lar.

EXCEPTIONS TO TABLE VI.

When any of the above syllables are compounded with *r*; in which cases the pure tonic sound of the ⁸*ü*, like *oo* in *poor*, prevails, as in *true*, as :

c*

<i>truce.</i>	<i>as-su-rance.</i>	<i>tru-ism.</i>
<i>ab-struse.</i>	<i>in-sured.</i>	<i>ru-ler.</i>
<i>pro-trude.</i>	<i>im-brued.</i>	<i>rude-ly.</i>
<i>ru-minate.</i>	<i>ru-in.</i>	<i>crude-ly.</i>
<i>ru-mour.</i>	<i>truth.</i>	<i>in-tru-ding.</i>

And when *ure* is preceded by *s*, it makes *shoore*.

CONTRAST TABLES.

To render the *distinction* between the above sounds clearer to the ear, read the following Tables in *double* column for contrast, giving the vowel sounds to each, as in the preceding Tables.

a-tive	i-tive	ant	ent
imper-ative,	len-itive.	arro-gant,	con-ti-nent.
lax-ative,	sen-si-tive.	conso-nant,	somno-lent.
indic-ative,	in-fin-itive.	ele-gant,	emi-nent.
deriv-ative,	defin-itive.	toler-ant,	diffi-dent.
restor-ative,	inquis-itive.	disso-nant,	dili-gent.
		rele-vant,	pru-dent.
		cormo-rant,	immi-nent.

able	ible	ess	ous
reason-able,	plaus-ible.	prone-ness,	multitudi-nous.
navig-able,	divid-ible.	supine-ness,	opprobri-ous.
avail-able,	feas-ible.	lazi-ness,	glori-ous.
respect-able,	incompat-ible.	costli-ness,	graci-ous.
termin-able,	ter-rible.	blessed-ness,	desir-ous.
valu-able,	sen-sible.	contented-ness,	labori-ous.
calcul-able,	intelli-gible.	zealous-ness,	abstemious-ness, magnitudi-nous.
season-able,	discern-ible.		

ss ss	s ss	ss ss	s ss
duke	book	consume	insure
rebuke	undertook	dilute	intrude
produce	abstruse	duplicate	trooper
preclude	protrude	endurance	assurance
denude	rude	confusion	obtrusion
voluble	quadruple	ablution	intrusion
pursue	construe	circular	ruler

or	ar	i-ty	e-ty
or-a-tor	par-ticu-lar	abil-ity	soci-ty
conspira-tor	insu-lar	viril-ity	sobri-ty
counsel-lor	consu-lar	mortal-ity	sati-ty
composi-tor	museu-lar	dupli-city	contrari-ty
appari-tor	oracu-lar	infin-ity	vai-ty
sena-tor	jocu-lar	docil-ity	pi-ty
moni-tor	auricu-lar		

ate	et	io-ies	ia-oi-ious
vindi-cate	para-pet	vi-ol	vi-al
predi-cate	marti-net	vi-o-let	void-ance
vio-late	vio-let	vi-o-lence	vi-a-duct
adjudi-cate	tabi-net	vi-o-lable	vi-a-ry
poten-tate	sarce-net	se-ri-es	se-ri-ous
prel-ate	coro-net	spe-ci-es	spe-ci-ous

PRACTICE ON PRONUNCIATION.

(See page 51.)

The *vi-o-let* bloom-*ing* on the dew-*y* ground fills the air with its per'-fumes, and the in-no-cent *lily*, amidst the gaudier flowers of the gar-den, is an emblem of unassum-*ing* modesty, remain-*ing* unpol-luted and uncontam-i-nated by the van-i-ties and vices of the world.

Honor was the vir-tue of the Pagan ; but Chris-ti-an-ity teaches a more enlarged and a nobler code—call-*ing* into activ-ity all the best feel-*ings* of our nature—il-lu-min-*ing* our path through this world with deeds of mer-cy and char-ity, mutual-ly done and received—and sustain-*ing* us amidst difficulties and temptations, by the hope of a glorious immortal-ity, in which peace shall be invi-o-lable and joy e-ter-nal.

Thirst, hunger, and naked-ness are ills inci-dent to hu-man-ity, which—however secure we may at present pre-sume ourselves to be from them—we may one day be reduced to experi-ence. Let us, therefore, not abuse prosper-ity, that we may not be ter-ri-fied at ad-ver-sity.

As I walked in the gar-den I suddenly heard the noise of the en'gine. Looking round, I observed the

cars approaching, and the ide'-a instant-ly struck me that you might be in one of them, and that you were com-ing on a mi's-chiev-ous design ; especially as you had not previously ad'-vertised me of your intention.

The are-a gate was open, and I observed the ser-vant in a yel-low dress stand-ing before the door.

The pre'-ce-dent relied on was decided when Madison was Pres-i-dent ; but that was pre-ce'-dent to the pass-ing of the act of Congress, and, of course, an act of the Legis-la-ture takes prece'dence of a pre'-ce-dent, however solemn, and by whatever author-ity it may be supported.

After a se-ri-es of wet days, the *sky* became clear ; the *garden* looked beautiful ; and, as the *cars* were ready, I conclu-ded to go to Philadelphia, where I pre-sumed I might see you without being thought guilty of intru-sion.

The vi-o-lence of his dis-po-sition will one day lead him into danger and difficulty. He has already fought a du-el ; he is a reb'el against pa-ren-tal authority ; his principal occupation is pleasure ; his princi-ples are unfixed, and the pur-suits in which he delights lead him into so-ci-ety fa-tal to his respecta-bil-ity. His prone-ness to play is very preju-dicial to his health and happi-ness : his fi-nan'ces are low, and his credit is shaken.

SECOND DIVISION.

PART I.

ELOCUTION, as an art, is *imitative* ; it copies, it *mimics*—as it were—the inflections, tones and variations of the voice in ordinary unrestrained speech. As a science, its rules—which are drawn from observation of these natural tones, inflections and variations—teach us to invest the language of others, or our own pre-meditated and pre-written effusions, with the same variations of voice, inflection and tone, as we should use, were they the spontaneous and *extempore* outpourings of our immediate thoughts and feelings. And, as in *rhetoric* we acquire a good *habit* or style of *composition*, by a study and analysis of the styles and compositions of others ;—so, in Elocution, we acquire an easy habit or style of *delivery*, by exercising ourselves in giving voice and expression to the language and sentiments of others ;—till, from practice, what we have done continually by rule and art, in set and studied speech, we execute at last easily and naturally, in spontaneous and original effusions. After mere distinctness of articulation, and correctness of pronunciation, this is the *first* object of Elocution,—to read and speak *easily* and *naturally*.

And this we acquire by the following

PRINCIPLES :

1. PAUSE.—2. INFLECTION.—3. EMPHASIS.

1. PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

The *grammatical pauses* which are addressed to the *eye* of the *reader* are insufficient for the *speaker* ; who addresses himself to the understanding “ through the porches of the *ear*.” He requires more frequent stopping-places, at more equal intervals, and of better regulated proportionate duration ; both for his own ease and relief, to enable him to acquire fresh *impetus* on his journey ; and for the convenience of those who follow his steps, that they may be able with facility to keep in his track.

We have, therefore, *rhetorical pauses*, which are independent of, (though consistent with, and assistant to,) the grammatical pauses. It is essential that the doctrine of rhetorical pause should be distinctly understood ; as it not only marks the proper division of thought, and the condition and relation of one part of the sense to another, but its practice is indispensable to the perfect effect of the orator : *without* it, he must totter and stumble through every long and intricate sentence with pain to himself and his auditory : *with* its aid, his movements become regular, certain, and easy.

To prove this, let the student read *aloud* the two following sentences according to the grammatical pauses marked in the punctuation.

READ :

1. Nothing is more prejudicial to the great interests of a nation than unsettled and varying policy.

Observe that in this sentence there is *no grammatical* pause.

2. The people of the United States have justly supposed that the policy of protecting their industry against foreign legislation and foreign industry was fully settled, not by a single act, but by repeated and deliberate acts of government, performed at distant and frequent intervals.

If in the reading of this sentence, we adopt the *grammatical* pauses *only*, our delivery (especially of the opening part of the sentence up to the first comma) will be embarrassed, uncertain, and indistinct. We shall presently see how easy it will become by the introduction of the *rhetorical pauses*, in addition to, and in aid of the common ones.

I adopt *four rhetorical pauses*, viz.

1. The *short Pause*, thus marked ♪, equal, in duration of time, to the *Quaver-Rest* in music.

2. The *middle Pause*, ♪, double the time of the *short pause*.

3. The *Rest*, —, or *full pause*, double the *middle pause*, and equal to the *Minim Rest* in music.

4. The *long Pause*, I, double that of the *rest*, and equal to the *Bar Rest* in music.

Of all these, the first, or short pause ♪, is of the

greatest importance, on account of its *continual use*, and its great assistance and relief to the orator,—being rather in the nature of a suspension of the breath, than an absolute pause.

RULES FOR PAUSE.

1. SHORT PAUSE.

The *short Pause*, or quaver-rest ~ , is used generally

- | | | |
|--------|---|--|
| After | { | 1. <i>The nominative phrase</i> ; that is, several words composing one phrase, and standing <i>as</i> the nominative to some verb. |
| | | 2. <i>The objective phrase</i> , in an <i>inverted</i> sentence. |
| | | 3. <i>The emphatic word of force</i> ; and the subject of a sentence. |
| | | 4. <i>Each member of a series</i> . |
| Before | { | 5. <i>The infinitive mood</i> . |
| | | 6. <i>Prepositions</i> (except when <i>part of one phrase</i> .) |
| | | 7. <i>Relative Pronouns</i> . |
| | | 8. <i>Conjunctions</i> . |
| | | 9. <i>Adverbs of time, similitude, and some others</i> . |
| | | 10. <i>On an Ellipsis</i> . |

EXAMPLES.

1. *The passions of mankind* ~ frequently blind them.
2. *By the violence of passion* ~ we are frequently blinded.
3. *Well honor* ~ *is* ~ the subject of my story.
4. *Charity* ~ *joy* ~ *peace* ~ *patience* ~ &c.

5. { It is prudent[~] in every man[~] to make early provision[~]
6. { against the wants of age[~] and the chances of accident.
7. { Nations[~] like men[~] fail in nothing[~] which they boldly
8. { attempt[~] when sustained[~] by virtuous purpose[~] and firm
9. { resolution.
10. A people once enslaved[~] may groan[~] ages[~] in bondage.

NOTE.—Never pause between the *verb* and its *objective* case, in a *direct* sentence, unless other words intervene ; except for the sake of emphasis.

2. MIDDLE PAUSE, ~ (crotch -rest.)

Frequently occurs in the middle of the sentence,—which it serves to divide, by separating the opening, or what may be called the incomplete or *hypothetical* part, from the closing or winding up of the sentence,—where the *sense* is *perfected*.

EXAMPLES.

If the world is not the work of chance[~]
it must have had an intelligent Maker.

Although you see not many possessed of a good taste[~]
yet the generality of mankind are capable of it.

Nations, like men, fail in nothing which they boldly undertake,[~]
when sustained by virtuous purpose and firm resolution.

RULE 1.

The middle pause (therefore) *precedes* and *marks* the *commencement* of the *climax* of the sense of a sentence.

And now, applying *all* the preceding rules for pause,

let the student read aloud the two extracts, which he has already read without the rhetorical pauses ; and he cannot fail to perceive the advantage he will gain in ease and effect.

They would be marked, as to rhetorical pauses, as follows :

1. Nothing is more prejudicial^m to the great interests of a nation^m—

than unsettled and varying policy.

2. The people of the United States^m have justly supposed^m that the policy^m of protecting their industry^m against foreign legislation and foreign industry^m was fully settled,^m

not^m by a single act,^m

but^m by repeated and deliberate acts of government^m performed^m at distant and frequent intervals.

RULE 2.

The middle pause is also used to mark a *parenthesis*, or any *parenthetical interruption* of the sense ; unless it be very slight ; in which latter case the short pause is sufficient.

EXAMPLES.

1. Men of superior genius^m—

while they see the rest of mankind^m painfully

struggling^m to comprehend obvious truths^m—

glance^m themselves^m like lightning^m

through the most remote consequences.

2. Genius^m the pride of man^m

as man is of the creation^m

has been possessed but by few.

The judicious use of the short pause and the middle pause, serves also to class and divide members of sentences in logical and clear division, according as

they are more or less immediately connected with each other in thought and construction ; hence follows as a

GENERAL RULE.

Branches of sentences having immediate reference to each other, can be divided only by the *short* pause ; while they must be separated from other branches with which they are less connected, by the *middle* pause.

EXAMPLE.

These are the men, to whom,
arrayed in all the terrors of government, I would say,
you shall not degrade us into brutes.

If, in this sentence, we make a short pause only after *to whom*, the next branch of the sentence, *arrayed in all the terrors of government*, would appear to refer to *the men to whom* ; whereas, being separated, as it is, from those words, by the middle pause, it is assigned to the pronoun *I*, to which it really belongs.

The middle pause is also frequently used in place of the grammatical *period* or *full stop*, between two sentences, which are closely allied to each other in relation to the sense which they bear out,—as will be presently shown.

3. THE REST, or FULL PAUSE —,

Marks the *perfection* of the sense, that is, the *climax* of its force ; as, *the close of a proposition*.

The *full-stop*, which is used in *grammatical* punctuation to mark the close of a *sentence* or *period*, is not a sufficiently distinct guide ; for it frequently closes a *sentence* which is intimately allied, by the

connection of the *sense*, with the *next*, and perhaps with *several* succeeding *periods*. In such cases, the *punctum* or full-stop which marks the grammatical close of a sentence, should be rejected in reading ; the *middle pause* should be used in its stead ; and the *rest* or *full pause* should not be introduced till the actual winding up of all the sentences which have a close relation to each other in continuing or carrying out the *sense* to its *climax* or *perfect close*.

Take the following sentences, with their *grammatical* punctuation as an

EXAMPLE.

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images.

Now here the *second* short sentence is intimately connected with, and in its relation to the *sense*, forms *part* of the first ; in fact, it completes and closes the proposition which the first sentence opened and began. Yet it is divided from that first sentence, (with which, in its relation to the *sense*, it is so intimately connected) by the *grammatical full-stop* or period ; and yet, the close of the whole proposition contained in these two sentences admits, in *grammatical punctuation*, of *no greater* division from what may follow, in support and illustration of that proposition, than the same *period* or *full-stop*, which has been already used to separate the *two parts* of the *whole proposition*. This is *illogical*. The two sentences should thus be relatively marked and read with rhetorical pause :

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. -

For further illustration, I give the following sentences, mark-

ed both grammatically and *rhetorically*, by which it will be seen that the *period* or *full-stop* is frequently used when the *middle pause* is sufficient, and indeed absolutely necessary, to keep up the connection of the sense ; and that, *at the full close* of the relation between the sentences so divided by the *middle pause*, and not till then,—the *full pause* should have place.

EXAMPLES.

Soon after Christianity achieved its triumph, the principles that had assisted it™ began to corrupt.™ It became a new paganism.™ Patron saints™ assumed the offices of household gods.™ St. George™ took the place of Mars.™ St. Elmo consoled the mariner™ for the loss of Castor and Pollux.™ The Virgin Mother and Cecilia™ succeeded to Venus and the Muses.™ The fascination of sex and loveliness™ was again joined™ to that of celestial dignity ;™ and the homage of chivalry™ was blended™ with that of religion. -

Now all these sentences are intimately allied to each other ; they form parts of the same proposition, and serve only to complete and carry it out. They cannot therefore *logically* admit of a greater separation by pause than that which I have marked above : their final close alone can be marked with the *full pause*.

4. LONG PAUSE | (bar-rest)

Marks the close of a subject, or of an important division of it.

It precedes—

The *change from one division of a discourse* to another ;

A *new train of ideas* or *course of argument* ;

A *return from a digression*, or from *excited declamation* to *calm statement* and *logical discussion*.

This pause affords an opportunity to *correct the tone or pitch*

of voice, which may have reached a high range in the excitement of earnest argument or intense feeling. In this latter regard the long pause is of great use and assistance to the reader and the orator. Its application must be illustrated and acquired by practical exercise.

The system of *Rhetorical Pause* deserves the student's best attention; for its proper application will contribute greatly to the clearness, flow, and effect of his discourse, as well as to his own ease and delivery.

Let him now read aloud the following *marked*

EXERCISE ON PAUSE.

SENSE—TASTE—AND GENIUS.—

USHER.

The human genius— with the best assistance— breaks forth but slowly— and the greatest men— have but gradually acquired a just taste— and chaste— simple— conceptions of beauty— At an immature age— the sense of beauty— is weak and confused— and requires an excess of coloring— to catch the attention— It then— prefers extravagance and rant— to justness— a gross false wit— to the engaging light of nature— and the shewy— rich— and glaring— to the fine— and amiable— This— is the childhood of taste— but— as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity— if it be assisted by a happy education— the sense of universal beauty awakes— it begins to be disgusted— with the false— and mis-shapen deceptions— that pleased before— and rests— with delight— on ele-

gant simplicity^r on pictures of easy beauty^r and unaffected grandeur |

The progress of the fine arts^r in the human mind^r may be fixed^r at three remarkable degrees^r— from their foundation^r to the loftiest height— The basis is a sense of beauty^r and of the sublime^r— the second step^r we may call taste^r— and the last^r genius |

A sense of the beautiful^r and of the great^r is universal^r— which appears^r from the uniformity thereof^r in the most distant ages and nations— What was engaging and sublime^r in ancient Greece and Rome^r is so at this day^r— and^r as I observed before^r— there is not the least necessity^r of improvement or science^r to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment^r— There is a fine^r but an ineffectual^r light^r in the breast of man— After night-fall^r we have admired the planet Venus^r— the beauty^r and vivacity of her lustre^r— the immense distance^r from which we judged her beams issued^r and the silence of the night^r— all concurred^r to strike us with an agreeable amazement^r— But she shone^r in distinguished beauty^r without giving sufficient light^r to direct our steps^r or show us the objects around— Thus^r in unimproved nature^r the light of the mind^r is bright^r and useless— In utter barbarity^r our prospect of it^r is still less fixed^r— it appears^r and then again^r seems wholly to vanish^r in the savage breast^r— like the same planet Venus^r— when she has but just raised her orient beams^r to mariners^r above the waves^r— and is now descried^r now lost^r through the swelling billows |

The next stepⁿ is tasteⁿ— the subject of our inquiryⁿ— which consistsⁿ in a distinctⁿ unconfused knowledgeⁿ of the great and beautiful— Although you see not manyⁿ possessed of good tasteⁿ— yet the generality of mankindⁿ are capable of it— The very populace of Athensⁿ had acquired a good tasteⁿ by habit and fine examplesⁿ— so that a delicacy of judgmentⁿ seemed naturalⁿ to all who breathed the air of that elegant cityⁿ— We find a manly and elevated senseⁿ distinguish the common people of Romeⁿ and of all the cities of Greeceⁿ while the level of mankindⁿ was preserved in those citiesⁿ— while the plebeians had a share in the governmentⁿ and an utter separation was not madeⁿ between them and the noblesⁿ by wealth and luxuryⁿ— Butⁿ when once the common peopleⁿ are rent asunderⁿ whollyⁿ from the great and opulentⁿ and made subservientⁿ to the luxury of the latterⁿ— thenⁿ the taste of natureⁿ infallibly takes her flight from both partiesⁿ— The poorⁿ by a sordid habitⁿ and an attention wholly confined to mean viewsⁿ— and the richⁿ by an attention to the changeable modes of fancyⁿ and a vitiated preferenceⁿ for the rich and costlyⁿ— lose the viewⁿ of simple beauty and grandeur—

It may seem a paradoxⁿ— and yetⁿ I am firmly persuadedⁿ that it would be easierⁿ at this dayⁿ to give a good tasteⁿ to the young savages of Americaⁿ— than to the noble youth of Europe |

Geniusⁿ the pride of manⁿ as man is of the creationⁿ has been possessed but by fewⁿ even in the brightest ages— Men of superior geniusⁿ— while they

see the rest of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths—glance themselves through the most remote consequences—like lightning through a path that cannot be traced— They see the beauties of nature with light and warmth and paint them forcibly without effort— as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon— and in several instances communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable lustre that is not seen in the creations of nature— The poet the statuary the painter have produced images that left nature far behind |

2. INFLECTION.

The human voice is to be considered as a musical instrument—an organ ; constructed by the hand of the Great Master of all Harmony. It has its bellows, its pipe, its mouth-piece ; and when we know the “ stops ” “ it will discourse most eloquent music.” It has its *ga-mut*, or scale of ascent and descent ; it has its keys, or pitch,—its tohes,—its semi-tones, its bass, its tenor, its alt—its melody, its cadence. It can speak as gently as the lute, “ like the sweet south upon a bed of violets,” or as shrilly as the trumpet ; it can tune the “ silver-sweet ” note of love, and “ the iron throat of war ; ” in fine, it may be modulated by art to any sound of softness or of strength, of gentleness or harshness, of harmony or discord. And the art that wins this music from the strings is ELOCUTION. The niceties and refinements of this art are to be acquired, step by step, by well-directed practice.

At present, let us learn a *simple ascent*, (or *rise*,) and *descent*, (or *fall*,) of the voice ; of the range of—say one *tone* in music, upwards or downwards. This ascent or descent of the voice is called by Elocutionists, INFLECTION,* and they have two

SIMPLE INFLECTIONS.

The *rising inflection*, marked with the acute accent thus —
on the inflected word.

The *falling inflection*, marked with the grave accent, thus \

* The correct term for this *slide* of the voice, or change of

The student may always, at will, strike these inflections with certainty by asking himself the following question, (which can hardly be spoken without making the inflections distinctly, as they are marked :)

EXAMPLE.

Did I ^{rise} or ^{fall}?

In which the rising inflection occurs on the word *rise*, and the falling inflection on the word *fall*. It can therefore never be forgotten, and may serve as a *mnemonic* or *key* to these two simple inflections.

This and similar questions run on an ascending and descending scale of the voice, which may be thus marked :



In which the voice *descends* on "*Do I*,"—*ascends* on "*rise*," the pitch being at the highest on "*or*," when the voice immediately *descends* on "*fall*."

pitch from low to high, is doubtless *accent*. We derive the *grave* and *acute* accents from the Greeks, who, it is supposed, used them to denote the slides of the voice from grave to sharp, or low to high ; so that, it is believed that the speeches of their orators were marked, almost as minutely as a musical score, for the direction of the voice. But the term *accent* has, by custom, now grown to be so constantly applied to *stress* upon a syllable, that I prefer to adopt the less technically correct, but equally intelligible term, *inflection*, to denote the slides of the voice ; and to use the term *accent* in its present popularly received sense.

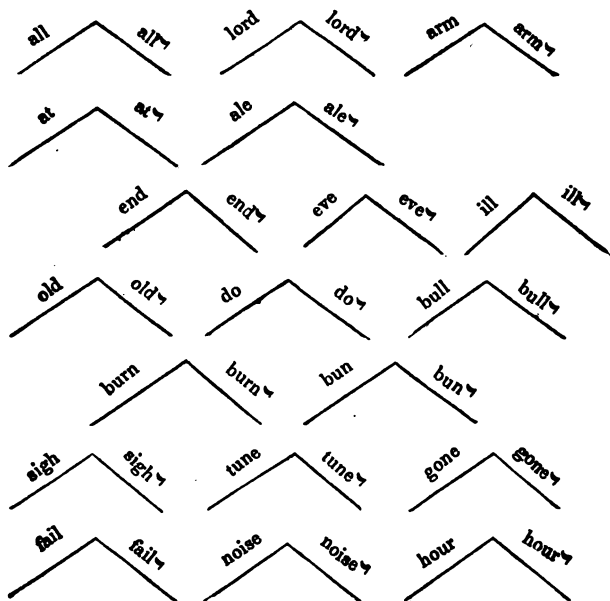
This ascent of the voice, or rising inflection, varies in its range from *one* tone to *three*. The pitch increases as the force of the speaker increases. In ordinary speech, where no particular force is given,—in a perfectly indifferent question, for example,—the rise would not be more than of *one* tone : as,

“ Will my brother ^{come} ?

asked quite *indifferently*, would receive an ascent of *one* tone : asked with *interest*, would receive an ascent of *three* tones ; asked *eagerly*, would rise *five* tones ; and asked with a *passionate expression*, or of *surprise*, would rise even an octave ; but, in reading or speaking with any degree of force, the simple rising inflection is usually over an interval of three tones, (*a third*) ; and the descent of the falling inflection is over the same interval. And the change of pitch is *discrete* ; that is, the voice *leaps* directly and abruptly from tone to tone ; whereas, in the greater ascent of a *fifth*, and an *octave*, it is *concrete* ; that is, it *slides* over the interval, *slurring* the intermediate tones : this distinction will be more fully explained under the head of *compound inflections*.

To facilitate and familiarise to the pupil's ear and voice the distinction between the rising and falling inflection, let him practise the tonic sounds, upon the following plan, of rising and falling on each.

This practice will be of great service in improving the pitch of the voice, and giving it facility and pliability. The student should therefore practise it till he can strike the third, rising and falling, clearly, forcibly, and with certainty.



INFLECTIONS TO MARK THE SENSE.

The popular or common direction—*drop your voice at the end of a sentence*—is illogical and false ; and is the cause of a very general bad habit with young readers, and one which they seldom shake off in after-life except under good instruction,—that of letting the voice *sink* in pitch and tone and fulness on the concluding word or words of every sentence ; the effect of which is, that the last words of a sentence which are essential to complete the whole sense,—and without which the auditor can only guess at the speaker's meaning,—are not heard at all ; or, if even heard, are deprived of all force, by the listless manner in which they fall from the mouth. This is, of all things, to be avoided. The last words of a sentence are as important as the first,—indeed, they are generally more so : therefore let them have always full enunciation and weight in delivery ; or your meaning will be imperfect and uncertain.

The inflection proper to the close of a sentence depends upon the form or nature of that sentence : whether it be affirmative,—negative, or interrogative ; or whether the full sense be complete or suspended ; for, as a principle, the *rising* inflection is the mark of *incomplete sense*, as the *falling* inflection denotes the *close* or *completion* of the *sense* of a sentence ; and the inflection required is regulated by the *condition of the sense*.

RULES.

1. AFFIRMATIVE sense.

Sentences containing a simple unqualified affirmative are marked with the *falling* inflection : as,

I wrote because it amused me. I corrected because
was as pleasant to correct as to write.

2. NEGATIVE sense

is marked with the *rising* inflection : as,

The quality of mercy is not strained.

It is not a book I want.

Note that in this form of sentence the rising inflection is to be placed on the word or thing negated ; the negative particle not has usually a falling inflection, for force.

From the above rules it follows, that

In a sentence containing an affirmative in one branch of it, and a negative or denial in the other,

3. The affirmative part of the sentence receives the *falling* inflection, the negative part the *rising* inflection ; whatever may be the construction of the sentence as to the precedence of the one branch or the other : as,

I said good, not bad : virtuous, not vicious.

This book is not mine, but yours.

This letter is yours, not mine.

You said you were coming home.—

No ; I did not.

4. The IMPERATIVE sense

requires the *falling* inflection.

Hence horrible shadow,
 Unreal mockery, hence!
 Let me hear no more!

5. INTERROGATIVE sense

is marked by the *rising* inflection: as,

Did he say he would come?

Will he be here to-day?

Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a
 bed.*—(Mark iv., 21.)

Except:

Questions asked with an *interrogative pronoun* or *adverb*—
who, which, what, when, where, &c., as,

Who said he would come? Why so?

The *alternative* part of a question, as,

Will he live or die?

Did he say he would come or did he say he would not?

And

A *stated* or *quoted* question, occurring in an affirmative sen-
 tence, as,

The question is,—shall we proceed.

* See Introduction to this work, in reply to the Rt. Rev. Dr.
 Whateley's *Elements of Rhetoric*, Part IV., c. ii., § 12.

He desires me to ask you—will you persevere.

All these exceptions require the *falling* inflection.

But,

Such *stated* or *quoted question* occurring in a simple *interrogative* or *negative* sentence, will receive the *inflection* due to the *sentence*: as,

Will you still go about and ask one another—what news?

I did not ask, what news?

For it is the condition of the *sense*—*i. e.*, whether finished or unfinished,—that governs the inflection due to a sentence.

Departures from the above general rules of inflection for *simple, direct* sentences, are occasionally made for force and effect under the power of *emphasis*,—which will be presently explained.

BODY OF A SENTENCE—SUSPENSION OF VOICE— INFLECTION.

There is a distinction to be observed between *suspension* of voice;—by which I mean, holding the voice up and *not letting it fall*—and a *rising inflection*, which, as we have seen, is an actual *ascent* of the voice.

Inflection marks and denotes *meaning*, or, the actual condition of the sense; suspension of voice accompanies suspension of sense, while it is *in the*

course of formation ; and the full close of the sense of a sentence, leaving nothing to be added or supposed, is denoted by the falling inflection. This is clear from the preceding rules : and holds good as to simple sentences ; i. e. sentences not having several members intervening (and requiring variety of inflection) between the commencement and the close of the period.

GENERAL RULES.

1. The voice must be suspended till it take an inflection under some rule ; and the last word of the suspended sense—immediately preceding that on which the formation of complete sense begins—must be marked with a distinct *rising inflection*.

This inflection, at this point of the sentence, accompanied by the middle pause, serves to divide a simple sentence into two parts ; the opening, or incomplete part, and the closing, or perfect part.—(See Rule 1, of Middle Pause, p. 66.)

2. If the sense be completed before the close of the period, the *falling inflection* must mark it ; and this, even if many other words and members follow—provided their addition do not vary or qualify (though they may explain and strengthen) the previous meaning.

EXAMPLES.

1. Grace of manners[~] is so essential to princes[~]—
that, whenever it is neglected[~], their virtues lose a great degree of lustre.

2. The rule itself is an example in point ; at the words, '*mark it*' and '*follow*' ; and the following sentence—

This proposition was, however, *re^{ced}jected*,
and not merely *re^{ced}jected* but rejected with *insult*.

The perfect understanding of the preceding rules of simple inflection—which are the basis of all that will follow—is essential before advancing a step further.

Their application tends much to correct that unmeaning sameness or monotony so common to readers in general, and so tiresome to the ear: and when, to the practice of these rules, is added that of the doctrine of rhetorical pause, the style is at once indued with meaning, life, and a pleasing variety. This is the first step towards the MUSIC OF ELOCUTION.

COMPOUND INFLECTIONS.

There are also *compound* or *double* inflections,—consisting of a concrete slide *ascending* or *descending*, and embracing *five* and even *eight tones*,—that is, a full *octave*—under the influence of strong feeling, expression, or energy. These inflections are fully treated of hereafter in *Part III. of 2d Division*.

Before we enter upon the intricacies and variations of inflection necessary to long, or particularly-constructed periods, let us for the present proceed to the third principle under our second division, viz.

3. EMPHASIS

is a word of Greek origin and form, adopted in its original spelling (εμφασις) into our language; its derivation is *en* (*on*) and *phēm* (*to speak*), or *phasiς* (*speech*): according to which, therefore, emphasis strictly signifies a *speaking (strongly) upon*; or, as it is *popularly* called, a *stress of the voice* upon a certain word (or words) to which a particular meaning or force is attached, and particular attention desired: and this is called the *emphatic word*; (I denote it by this line — written under the word,) thus:

He spoke for religion, not against it.

This book is mine, that yours.

In the utterance of the above sentences, the words marked as emphatic receive an impulsive or explosive *force of sound*, which distinguishes their power and importance above the other words. Just in the same manner as what we call the *accented syllable* in any word is marked by *stress*, or stroke of sound, from the other syllables with which it is combined: as in the words

vir'-tue, mēr'-ciful, pól'-icy, resolu'-tion, cón'-stancy,

in which the *stress*, or impulse of sound, is thrown on to one particular syllable, which is popularly called

the accented,* but more properly, the *heavy* syllable, in contradistinction to the *light* or (as they are called) unaccented syllables, which have no *weight* of sound, or *stress* upon them: so, in a sentence, the stress or emphasis being thrown by an impulse of sound on any particular word, that word is called *the emphatic word*. And, in fact, this *emphasis*, when applied to a word, falls always on the accented or heavy syllable of the word, *doubling* the *stress* upon it. We shall presently see that *emphasis* requires, to be complete, not only *stress*, but *inflection*; and that that inflection is governed by the character of the emphasis.

But, first, it is proper to observe here the distinction between our language and that of the Greeks and Romans, who measured the march of their language by *quantity*, of long – or short ~ syllables: and all the words of their language had a *certain* and *fixed* prosodial *quantity*; according to which their verses are supposed to have been constructed and scanned or measured. Our language, on the contrary, acknowledges no fixed and certain quantity to its syllables; the distinction between which is of *light* and *heavy*, not of long and short: for the length or *time* of utterance to be given to a word or syllable in our language, is regulated not by any fixed prosodial rule (to which it is not amenable,) but by other circumstances of a varying nature, as, its force and value to the sense,—or the amount of feeling that is to be conveyed by or upon it; so that in our versi-

* See “Inflection,” and Note to page 75.

fication, it constantly happens that, in its relative proportion in a line, the same word is sometimes long, sometimes short ; and indeed, it will be manifest to any ear, that monosyllables, such as *care*, *there*, *loud*, *bold*, &c. may be prolonged *at will* to any indefinite *time*, so as to give to them the quantity of a *quaver*, a *crotchet*, a *minim*, or even a *semibreve*. This clearly does away with the idea of a settled rule of quantity in our language ; the *rhythmus* (or order) of which is governed by another principle, that of the regular arrangement of heavy and light sounds, or syllables ; and this it is, not *quantity*, which makes the rhythm of English versification. This will be more fully treated of under the head of "*Time*," in the chapter devoted to the *Reading of Verse*.

Here it is necessary to remark, that there is a certain rhythmical, or measured, movement even in prose ; not so regularly preserved as in verse, but still requiring to be noted and marked in reading.

In some elaborate compositions, indeed, where the cadences are very regular, the rhythm and time are preserved with great exactness ; and it is a great beauty in elocution to mark them by the *pulsation* and *remission* of the voice, on the *heavy* and *light* syllables respectively, and by a due observance of *time* or measure.

Take, as an example, the following, by Dr. Johnson, in common time : The notation is only to show the *time*, and the *barring* marks the *rhythmical accentuation* :



Sir the a-tro-cious crime of be-ing a
 young man which the hon-or-a-ble gen-tle-man
 has with such spi-rit and de-cen-cy
 charged up-on me I shall neith-er at-
 tempt to pal-li-ate nor de-ný;
 but con-tént my-self with wish-ing
 that I may be one of those whose
 fol-lies may cease with their youth,
 and not of that num-ber who are



In this example I have marked the accented or heavy syllables which require *pulsation* of voice ; and it will be observed that the *first* note of the bar is always *accented*, or its place is supplied by a *rest*, or pause, which, with the other notes, fills up the cadence, and completes the bar ; for *rests, or pauses, are as essential a part of the rhythm as the notes themselves*, and, in verse especially, it is on their due and proportionate observance, as well as of the *heavy* and *light* syllables, that rhythm depends. All this is more fully explained hereafter : but I thought thus much, on the subject of *quantity* and *stress*, (or *accent*.) necessary to be remarked before proceeding with *Emphasis*, of which *stress* is an essential constituent.

The power of emphasis to strengthen or change the meaning of any sentence is very great ; and its proper use in delivery adds greatly to the point and power of a discourse ; hence some orators are called *emphatic* speakers, when it is intended that their style is *pointed* and forcible. But Emphasis is not *merely* stress or weight of voice : it is made up of *stress* and *inflection* ; accordingly,

EMPHASIS is *stress* and *inflection* of voice.

There are two principal kinds of Emphasis—

1. Emphasis of *sense*.
2. Emphasis of *force*.

1. Emphasis of *sense* is that emphasis which *marks* and *indicates* the *meaning* or *sense* of the sentence ; and which being transferred from word to word, has

power to change and vary the *particular* meaning of such sentence. In other words, it is the placing on the particular *word* which carries the main point of the sentence, or member of the sentence, the inflection *due to such sentence or member*, and giving weight or emphasis to such inflection :—the word so marked and distinguished is called *the emphatic word*.

RULE.

To make the *emphasis of sense*, throw the *inflection* proper to the sentence, or member of it, on the *emphatic word*; and give *weight* or *stress* on that *inflection*.

Thus—

The following interrogative sentence requires the rising inflection. Now, by placing that inflection on any *one word*, and at the same time giving *weight* or *stress* to that inflection—the sense will be emphasized on that particular word; and as the emphasis of sense is *changed* from word to word, the *point* of the sense will be varied accordingly.

Did you walk home to-day?

or

Did you walk home to-day?

or

Did you walk home to-day?

or

Did you walk home to-day?

or

Did you walk home to-day?

The emphasis of sense therefore points the inflec-

tion and meaning of a sentence, or member of it, on some particular word : and the inflection is *rising* or *falling* according to the rule applicable to the particular sentence, or member of it, in which that word occurs.

There are branches of the emphasis of sense, incidental to particular rules of inflection, as

Antithetical Emphasis—

Emphasis with *pronominal phrase*, &c.

of which I shall speak under the proper heads.

2. Emphasis of *force* (or it might be called Emphasis of *feeling*;) is that emphasis or stress which a speaker uses arbitrarily to add *force* to some particular idea or expression ; *not* because the *sense* or meaning intended to be conveyed requires it,—but because the *force* of his own *feeling* dictates it.

RULE.

The emphasis of force is always made with the *falling inflection* ; whatever may be the inflection proper to the sentence, *without* such emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

Could you be so cruel ?

Could you be so cruel ?

I did not say so.

These sentences—interrogative and negative—by ordinary Rule, would have the *rising* inflection ; ; but the emphasis of force being placed on the word *could*, or *cruel*, and *not*, gives

them the *falling* inflection: without at all affecting the sense—though it gives *force* to the idea conveyed by the words.

Bear in mind, therefore, that this emphasis of force, when it is made, is independent of and paramount to all general rule of inflection; which it controls and *over-rules*.

Emphasis of force is sometimes *doubled*, as—

Could you be so cruel?

In which, the force is thrown on *two* words, and expresses as much as if the speaker said,

Can it be possible that you are what I consider *so* shockingly cruel!

There is also *CUMULATIVE* or *accumulated* emphasis of force; that is, when the emphasis is *heaped* or accumulated on several words in succession, as

I tell you, I will not do it; nothing on earth shall persuade me.

This is the strongest expression of force. I shall have occasion to illustrate it more fully hereafter.—
(*Part 3d of this Division.*)

Let the Student now practise *aloud*—as an exercise on the foregoing rules—the following extract, until he can read it perfectly, as it is marked for *PAUSE*, *INFLECTION*, *EMPHASIS*; and till he have ascertained each particular rule under which it is so marked.

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

(Marked with Pause, Inflection, and Emphasis.)

The quality of Mercy[~] is not strain'd[~]—
 It droppeth[~] as the gentle rain from heav'n[~]
 Upon the place beneath— It is twice[~] bless'd[~]—
 It blesseth him that gives[~] and him that takes[~]—
 'Tis mightiest[~] in[~] the mightiest[~]— it becomes
 The throned monarch[~] better than his crown[~]—
 His sceptre[~] shows the force[~] of temporal power[~]—
 The attribute[~] to awe and majesty[~]
 Wherein doth sit[~] the dread and fear of kings[~]—
 But mercy[~] is above[~] this sceptred sway[~]—
 It is enthroned[~] in the hearts of kings[~]—
 It is an attribute[~] to God himself[~]—
 And earthly power[~] doth then[~] show likest God's[~]
 When mercy[~] seasons justice. † Therefore[~] Jew[~]—
 Tho' justice be thy plea[~] consider this[~]—
 That[~] in the course of justice[~] none of us
 Should see salvation[~]— we do pray[~] for mercy[~]—
 And that same prayer[~] doth teach us[~] all[~] to render
 The deeds of Mercy. †

Shaksp.

Applaud
A PRACTICE

ON

PART I. OF THE SECOND DIVISION.

"PRESS ON."

THIS is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON !" It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to weigh, rightly, all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called.

"PRESS ON !" Never despair ; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way ; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, "PRESS ON !"

If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings and left thee, do not weep thy life away ; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and

give up all as lost ; but stir thyself and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "PRESS ON !" find others ; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but press on ; a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world hath lost its poetry and beauty ; 'tis not so ; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty by a brave, a true, and, above all, a *religious* life.

STORM AT SEA.

THE storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times, the black volume of clouds over-head seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wide waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoy-

ancy. Her yards would dip in the water ; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes, an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey ; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

W. Irving.

DANTE—MILTON.

THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought ; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth, nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure

into ~~its own~~ nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolors all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of paradise and the Glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. ✓ He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription—facetiously termed the act of indemnity and oblivion—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate Court and an inconstant people. Vernal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a

bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing, so fitly, as to the rabble of Comus—grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human,—dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole tribe of Satyrs and Goblins.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

Macauley.

END OF PART I. OF SECOND DIVISION.

SECOND DIVISION.

PART II.

INFLECTION (continued).

WE have hitherto considered the inflections proper to simple sentences only. We now proceed to some

SPECIAL RULES OF INFLECTION,

proper to periods of peculiar form and more elaborate construction ; and to the different members or branches of which they may be composed.

1. APPPOSITION.—2. ANTITHESIS.

1. APPPOSITION in meaning and construction requires the apposition to be marked by inflection ; that is—

RULE.

Words, or phrases, in *apposition* with each other, take the *same* respective inflections ;—unless any of them be made emphatic for *force*.

EXAMPLES.

I reside in New York—a magnificent city.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three.

2. **ANTITHESIS**, or opposition of meaning, requires antithesis of inflection ; that is,

RULE.

Words or phrases in *antithesis* to each other take *opposite* inflections.

EXAMPLES.

He spoke for, not against peace.

As fire is opposed to water, so is vice to virtue.

We seek not peace, but war ; and we shall fight, not pray,
for we had rather die than live.

The above are examples of *single* antithesis.

DOUBLE ANTITHESIS.

In the following, the antithesis is *double* ; that is, of *several* opposite *ideas*, and consequently opposite *inflections*.

EXAMPLE.

Rational liberty is directly opposed to the *wildness* of *anarchy*.

(Here *rational* is in antithesis to *wildness*, and *liberty* to *anarchy*: the inflections on each respectively are therefore also opposed.)

FURTHER EXAMPLES.

If you seek to make one rich, study not to *increase* his *stores*, but to *diminish* his *desires*.—*Seneca*.

The *peasant* complains *aloud* ; the *courtier* in *secret* repines. In *want*, what *distress* ! in *affluence*, what *satiety* ! The *ignorant*, through ill-grounded *hope*, are *disappointed* ; the *knowing*, through *knowledge*, *despond*.—Young.

All flesh is not the same flesh ; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.—1 Cor. c. 15.

Note also the melody that is produced to the ear by this *antithetical alternation of inflection* ; which thus has the effect, not only of *logically* increasing the force and power of the contrast of ideas, by contrast of pitch, but, at the same time, of pleasing the ear by an agreeable variety of tone.

IMPLIED ANTITHESIS.

Antithesis may be *implied*, when *not expressed* ; in which case the sense is left *unfinished*, (as it were,) and, consequently, is marked with the *rising inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

He is a good boy, James.

(*Implying that* some other boy is a bad one.)

You ask too much money ; I'll give you a dollar.

(*Implying, "but not any more."*)

I'd give a hundred dollars for such a horse as that.

(*Implying, "but not for an inferior one."*)

Presumptuous man ! the Gods take care of Cato !
(Implying, "more immediately than of other men.")

THE APPPOSITION OF ANTITHESIS.

Words in antithesis to *each other*, may form an antithetical member in apposition with a succeeding antithesis ; in which case both the preceding rules of inflection apply : that is,

RULE.

The words in antithesis have opposite inflections ; the antithetical members in apposition have respectively the same inflections.

EXAMPLE.

Fire and water are not more opposed than *vice and virtue*

(Here, fire and water are in antithesis,—so are vice and virtue ; but the antithetical phrase fire and water is clearly in apposition with the phrase vice and virtue ; the above rule applies.)

EMPHASIS OF ANTITHESIS.

(See ante, EMPHASIS OF SENSE.)

Words and members in antithesis are (as a general rule) marked by the emphasis of *sense* ; that is, the inflections are marked with additional weight ;—this emphasis may be designated as *Antithetical Emphasis*.

But the emphasis of *force* is sometimes used in one member of the antithesis to give additional strength to it.

The antithesis is so frequent, and at the same time

so powerful a form of Rhetoric, that it deserves the best attention of the Elocutionist; and he should therefore make himself thoroughly master of this branch of our subject.

(See SERIES—*Antithetical Series*.)

INVERTED SENTENCES.

RULE.

In an inverted sentence, the inverted members take the inflections respectively proper, in the *direct* sentence, to the members in whose place they stand.

EXAMPLE.

Direct. He strictly enforces[~] both by precept and example[~] the laws of religion and morality[~] inculcated in the Gospel.

Inverted. The laws of religion and morality[~] inculcated in the Gospel[~] he strictly enforces[~] both by precept and example.

EXCEPTION.

The only exception to this rule is made by the *Emphasis of force*, the inflection of which is paramount, and never changes, however much the position of the word on which it falls, may be changed by inversion.

EXAMPLE.

Direct. Our sight[~] is the most perfect of all our senses.

Inverted. Of all our senses our sight is the most perfect.

Or,

The most perfect of all our senses is our sight.

Here, by throwing the Emphasis of force upon the word *sight*, we mark it strongly on the hearer's mind; and supposing that to be the speaker's object, no transposition of the word will relieve it from that Emphasis. But if it be merely an indifferent and abstract remark, it would be subject to the above rule as to *inversion*, and be thus marked:

Our sight is the most perfect of all our senses.

Of all our senses, our sight is the most perfect.

The most perfect of all our senses is our sight.

CONDITIONAL SENTENCES.

The addition of a condition to an affirmative, requires the *rising* inflection; which marks the *uncertainty* raised by the *condition attached*, as—

He said he would call if you would consent to see him.

He shall live, if I have power to save him.

Doctrines must be embodied, before they can excite strong public feeling.

Observe that the simple affirmative in this form of sentence retains the *falling inflection*; it is the condition that receives the *rise*.

EXCLAMATION.

INTERJECTIONAL PHRASES

Of *Exclamation*—as:

Oh Rome! how art thou fallen!

Apostrophe—as:

Sweet sleep! how have I frightened thee!

Daughter of Jove! relentless power!

Pity and sorrow—as:

Alas! my friend! woe is me!

and *the like*—are marked with the *rising* inflection.

(*Except* always when under the *Emphasis of force*.)

But *Entire*

EXCLAMATORY SENTENCES

are closed with the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Oh! Rome! how art thou fallen!

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty!

Woe is me! my heart is broken!

Alas, my friend! how much I pity you!

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

PARENTHESIS.—PARENTHETICAL MEMBERS. -

Strictly speaking, a parenthesis is an *interruption*

E*

or *suspension* of the sense of the main sentence, (as is manifest from the derivation—*παρά-εν-τίθημι*); and therefore members which are *added* to the sentence after the sense is completed, are not parenthetical (although they may be *marked* in parenthesis), but rather *cata-thetical*—if such a word may be used—

The very sentence I have just written furnishes an illustration of the distinction I wish to make; in which, the first passage marked in parenthesis is *not* (strictly) a parenthesis, for it does not suspend or interrupt—though it confirms and explains the preceding part of the main sentence; but the *second* passage marked in parenthesis is correctly so marked, for it interrupts and suspends the sense of the main sentence. Again, the last phrase in the same sentence—marked between two dashes—occurring at the close of the main sense, is *not* parenthetical (though it might be marked ordinarily in parenthesis), but rather *cata-thetical*—that is, *tacked* to the main sentence.

But in common use and acceptance, all the above phrases would be called parenthetical,—without reference to their being an *interruption of*, or merely an *addition to*, the sense; and therefore I shall arrange the Elocutionary rules for reading parenthesis according to the common and popular definition of the term. Hence the following

RULES.

1. A parenthesis must have its commencement and continuance indicated by a change to a somewhat lower tone of voice

and a quicker movement; and the close of the parenthesis is marked by a return to the same time, pitch and inflection of voice as the sense had at the point immediately preceding the parenthesis: so that,

2. If the sense of the main sentence be suspended and interrupted by parenthesis, its close shall be marked with the rising inflection: if the sense of the main sentence be complete, the parenthesis shall be closed with the falling inflection.

NOTE.—The more logical form of these rules would be thus—

If the parenthetical members suspend the sense, they shall be read with suspension: if they do not, they shall be read as independent members.

EXAMPLES.

1. Parenthesis *suspending* the sense.

Gentlemen, if I make out this case by evidence, (and if I do not, forget every thing you have heard, and reproach me for having abused your honest feelings,) I have established a claim for damages that has no parallel.—*Erskine*.

If there's a Power above, (and that there is
All nature cries aloud in all her works,)
He must delight in virtue.

2. Parenthesis—in *addition* without a suspension.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest,—which are these, &c.

I hope to be pardoned for yielding to this high authority, in preference to submitting my judgment to the opinion of those who now deny the power (however respectable that opinion may be.)

EXCEPTION.

This rule is (like all others) subject to be varied by the inflection of the *Emphasis of force*—which, occurring in the parenthesis, over-rules the inflection proper to suspension; as in the following passage from Mr. Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings:

EXAMPLE.

Growing from crime to crime, ripened by cruelty for cruelty, these fiends, at length, outraging sex, decency, nature, applied lighted torches and slow fire—(I cannot proceed for shame and horror!)—these infernal furies planted death in the source of life, &c.

Here, though the sense is suddenly broken and suspended by the introduction of the parenthesis, yet, as the closing phrase of that parenthesis is marked with the *emphasis of force*, it is an exception to the general rule, which would otherwise require a rising inflection to mark the suspension of the sense.

PRONOUNS—PRONOMINAL PHRASE.

We are taught in Grammar that a pronoun is used to avoid the repetition of a *noun*.

In Elocution, when the noun is repeated, and the use of the pronoun rejected, we call the word so repeated *pronominal*; that is, of the nature, or in place of a *pronoun*; as,

He advanced the doctrine; he maintained the doctrine; he propagated the doctrine.

In this example, "*the doctrine*," in every instance

of its *repetition*, is clearly *pronominal*; standing in place of the pronoun "*it*." For, according to the usual construction of such a sentence, it would have stood—

He advanced the doctrine; he maintained it; he propagated it.

Hence, being so nearly of the same nature, they follow the same rule of Elocution : viz.

RULE.

Pronouns and pronominal phrases have no proper inflection; but merge in that of the inflected word with which they stand.

EXAMPLES.

(*The pronouns and pronominal phrases are in brackets.*)

Henry told [me] the truth [about it].

I asked [him] if he had finished [it].

[It] struck [me] that I had seen [him] before.

In these sentences, the pronouns have no inflection; but are subjected to, and over-ridden by the inflection of the word which governs them, or to which they are immediately allied. So of a pronominal phrase.

EXAMPLES.

As you have shown mercy, you shall receive [mercy].

Your cruelty merits [cruelty].

Your goodness deserves [goodness].

He repaid your kindness with [kindness].

We observe that the pronominal phrase in each in-

stance follows the rule on the pronoun; and is subjected to the inflection of the verb or preposition by which it is governed.

Except

Demonstrative and interrogative pronouns;* and pronouns or pronominal phrases when *emphatic*: as,

This is my book, not that.

Who said so? What did he say?

Henry told me the truth.

I warned him: he saved me.

He is a good boy James.

COMMON PHRASE (*quasi* pronominal.)

The same rule applies to the *repetition* of *any phrase* which is *common* to two or more verbs, adverbs, &c. Such *repeated common phrase* is read *as* pronominal.

EXAMPLES.

He speaks truly, and [he speaks] wisely.

It was truly said, and wisely [said].

If we live in the spirit, let us also walk [in the spirit].

PRONOMINAL PHRASE *in reply*.

The rule holds, also, on repetition of a common phrase in reply, in dialogue,—or in reference to previously spoken words by another party.

* Pronouns of these two classes are generally *emphatic*, and therefore the exception.

EXAMPLE.

Question. Is that your firm opinion?

Reply. It is [my firm opinion.]

Nor need the repetition be *literal*; if the *idea* or *sense* be repeated, the phrase is read *as* pronominal.

EXAMPLE.

The gentleman boasts that he is actuated by motives the most pure and honorable. Sir, the boast is needless; Who questioned [his integrity and honor]?

EMPHASIS with pronominal phrase.

It will be observed that the verb or other word governing, or in conjunction with, the pronominal phrase, becomes *emphatic*: this is made still more clear in the case of a *negative* with such phrase.

EXAMPLES.

To be, or not to be?

Question. Why do you express yourself so angrily?

Reply. I did not [express myself angrily].

The gentleman insinuates that I have acted a double part, and therefore forfeited the confidence of the house. Sir, if I had [done so] I should deserve [to lose your confidence], but I shall prove that I have not [acted as he says]; and therefore I expect to retain [your good opinion], (*or*) to retain your good opinion.

This Emphasis belongs to "THE EMPHASIS OF SENSE, (*see ante*, EMPHASIS,) and may be distinguished as the "Emphasis with pronominal phrase."

[*See SERIES—Pronominal Series.*]

SERIAL SENTENCES.

THE SERIES, in rhetoric, (a succession of words or phrases linked together in construction,) constantly occurs; its delivery puzzles the reader who has no certain rule to guide him,—and his, consequently, confused and unconnected manner, in turn, puzzles his hearers.

There are, therefore, Rules in Elocution for the delivery of serial sentences,—certain and easy.

FORM OF SERIES.

The Series is—(first),

1. SIMPLE.—2. COMPOUND.

1. *Simple*, when it consists of *single words* (or single ideas) in succession.

2. *Compound*, when it is composed of *members* in succession, each composed of *several* words—conveying several ideas.

These, again, are—(second,)

1. COMMENCING.—2. CONCLUDING.

1. *Commencing*, when they *commence* a sentence, or where the sense is *unfinished* at their close.

2. *Concluding*, when they *conclude* or perfect the sense.

EXAMPLES.

SIMPLE, *commencing*, Series.

Faith, hope, and charity,
are cardinal virtues.

May faith, hope, charity, peace, and patience
possess our souls.

SIMPLE, *concluding*.

The cardinal virtues are
faith, hope, and charity.

May our souls be possessed with
faith, hope, charity, peace, and patience.

COMPOUND, *commencing* Series.

An amiable disposition, virtuous principles, a liberal education, and industrious habits,
lead to contentment, happiness, and honor.

COMPOUND, *concluding*.

Contentment, happiness, and honor, are the reward of
an amiable disposition, virtuous principles, a liberal education, and industrious habits.

We have also the

Negative Series,
Interrogative Series,
Antithetical Series,

and other variations on the regular series, which we shall take in their proper order.

So much for the rhetorical *form* of the Series ; now we proceed to the Elocutionary

RULES for Inflection of the Series.

1. A simple, commencing Series

takes a *rising inflection* on every member of the Series except the *penultimate* (or last but one), which has a *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

Faith, (1)
 hope, (2)
 and charity, (3)
 are cardinal virtues.

May faith, (1)
 hope, (2)
 charity, (3)
 peace, (4)
 and patience, (5)
 possess our souls.

[For the pause proper to Series, see ante, PAUSE.]

2. A simple, concluding Series

takes a *rising inflection* on every member of the series but the *last*.

EXAMPLES.

The cardinal virtues are,
 faith, (1)
 hope, (2)
 and charity. (3)

May our souls be possessed with

faith, ˘ (1)

hope, ˘ (2)

charity, ˘ (3)

peace, ˘ (4)

and patience! (5)

COMPOUND SERIES.

1. *Commencing*, takes a *falling inflection* on every member but the *last*.

EXAMPLE.

A good disposition, ˘ (1)

virtuous principles, ˘ (2)

a liberal education, ˘ (3)

and industrious habits, ˘ (4)

are passports to happiness and honor.

2. *Concluding*, takes the *falling inflection* on every member but the *penultimate*.

EXAMPLE.

Contentment, ˘ happiness, ˘ and honor, ˘ reward

a good disposition, ˘ (1)

virtuous principles, ˘ (2)

a liberal education, ˘ (3)

and industrious habits. (4)

DIVISION OF A LONG SIMPLE SERIES.

RULE.

When a simple series exceeds five members, *divide* the whole into two or more *shorter* series; and read the divisions according to rule,—marking each *division* with the *middle pause*.

EXAMPLE.

The works of the flesh are manifest; which are these:

Adultery,™ fornication,™ uncleanness,™ lasciviousness,™
 idolatry,™ witchcraft,™ hatred,™ variance,™
 emulations,™ wrath,™ strife,™ seditions,™ heresies,™
 envyings,™ murders,™ drunkenness,™ revellings,™ and
 such like.—*Gal.*

In a series of so many members as this, the *division* (as above) prevents that unpleasing and catalogue-like monotony, which is produced by reading the whole as *one* series, with an unbroken succession of rising inflections. The division is of course arbitrary, as to the number of members which may be allotted to each division; but the object to be aimed at in the separation of the members is a *distinct classification*; so that things, objects or ideas, resembling or allied to each other in quality or degree, shall be kept together, and not be thrown in confusedly with others of a different nature.

Now, in the above example, such a distinct classification is rendered difficult, if not impossible, to the reader, by the absence of order and classification in the passage itself. It may indeed be remarked, with

the greatest respect, that great confusion is caused to the mind by the indiscriminately throwing together a series of offences very widely differing from each other in quality and degree; and the *climax* of the whole is enfeebled, if not destroyed, by the addition of "drunkenness and revellings," after the high crime of *murder*. As that crime is the climax of the works of the flesh, what follows weakens the effect, and is, in fact, an anti-climax. I am now analyzing it merely as a piece of composition; and for the purpose of making my meaning more clear, suppose the passage to have stood as follows:

The works of the flesh are manifest; which are these:

Fornication, " adultery, " uncleanness, " lasciviousness, "—
 witchcraft " heresy " idolatry "—
 emulations " envy " variance " hatred "—
 wrath " strife " seditions "—
 revellings " drunkenness " murders "—

and such like.

By this arrangement, the classification of crime would have been clear and perfect, gradually growing and increasing in power up to the climax—*murder*,—the *last dread work of the flesh*. And it is to aid this logical arrangement, classification and progression, that the rules for reading the series are given. In the following series the classification is distinct and *perfect* as it is written, and it will be felt that the elocutionary arrangement and *inflections* very much aid it:

For I am persuaded that
 neither death nor life
 nor angels nor principalities nor powers
 nor things present nor things to come
 nor height nor depth nor any other creature
 shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in
 Christ Jesus our Lord. Romans, c. viii.

IRREGULAR SERIES.

A series is frequently *irregular*,—that is, in part *simple*, and in part *compound*. In such cases :

RULE.

Separate and class the simple and compound members,—and read them in series according to their respective rules.

EXAMPLES.

All the circumstances and ages of men,
 poverty, riches, youth, old age,
 all the dispositions and passions,
 melancholy, love, grief, contentment,
 are capable of being personified in poetry, with great propriety.—*Blair*.

2. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury,
 nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments,
 nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect,
 had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience.

Macaulay

Besides the *inflections* proper to a series, increasing force should be given to the delivery of each additional member ; so that the *sound* and volume of voice shall swell and increase in the same proportion as the *sense* grows and is amplified,—until both reach the climax together. This will be more fully explained and illustrated in the Third Division, under the head of INTONATION. The reader may now practise the following

EXERCISE ON SERIES.

1. If you look about you, and consider the lives of others as well as your own ; if you think how few are born with honor, and how many die without name or children ; how little beauty we see, and how few friends we hear of ; how many diseases and how much poverty there is in the world ;

you will fall down upon your knees ;

and, instead of repining at one infliction, will admire so many blessings you have received at the hand of God !

2. It was a loathsome herd,—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus,—

Grotesque monsters,—

half human, half bestial,—

dropping with wine,

bloated with gluttony,

and reeling in obscene dances.

3. This decency, this grace, this propriety of manners to character, is so essential to princes in particular, that, whenever it is neglected, their virtues lose a great degree of lustre, and their defects acquire much aggravation. Nay, more ; by neg-

lecting this decency, and this grace, and for want of a sufficient regard to appearances, even their virtues may betray them into failings, their failings into vices, and their vices into habits unworthy of princes and of men.

NEGATIVE series: (as a simple concluding series.)

RULE.

A series of negative members is read with a rising inflection on every member but the last: (note, that the inflection falls on the word or thing negated.)

EXAMPLE.

Charity envieth not charity vaunteth not itself is not puffed up ;

Doth not behave itself unseemly seeketh not her own is not easily provoked thinketh no evil.—1 Cor. c. xiii.

INTERROGATIVE SERIES.

A series of interrogations may be read either

1. Under the rule for single Questions, see p. 81; or,
2. With the same inflections as simple concluding series; or,
3. As the compound concluding series.

It is well, in delivery, to vary them, when they occur frequently, or when several series follow closely on each other. For example, the following, from Romans, c. viii., admits of being read under either of the three rules:

1. As single interrogations:

Who shall separate us from the cross of Christ? Shall

tribulation~ or distress~ or persecution~ or famine~ or
nakedness~ or the sword~?

Thus read, great and *equal* force is given to each interrogation; but there is no *climax*.

2. With the same inflections as the simple concluding Series:

Shall tribulation~ or distress~ or persecution~ or
famine~ or nakedness~ or the sword?

Thus read, the *climax* is made, by the falling inflection, on *the sword*; as if he said, or *even the sword itself*; that is, the fiercest and bloodiest violence and persecution.

3. As the compound concluding Series:

Shall tribulation~ or distress~ or persecution~ or
famine~ or nakedness~ or the sword?

So read, it amounts to a declaration,—put interrogatively,—that *none* of the evils *enumerated* are of power to separate the Christian from the Cross;—and there is much force in this reading.

I should, myself, prefer the second reading given, as conveying the most forcible contempt for persecution. But the choice is a matter of taste.

ANTITHETICAL SERIES.

[See ante, "ANTITHESIS."]

An Antithetical Series—that is, a series of members in Antithesis—commencing or concluding—is read under the same rules of inflection as the Compound Series; *each perfect antithesis*—and not each branch of it—*forming a member of the series*.

EXAMPLES.

Antithetical Series—(single Antithesis)

Commencing and Concluding.

Commencing. Fire and water, oil and vinegar, heat and cold,
light and darkness—

are not more opposed to each other, than

Concluding. honesty to fraud, or vice to virtue.

Double Antithetical Series—(double Antithesis.)*Commencing.*

Prudent in debate, but rash in action—
moderate in peace, vindictive in war—
patient in adversity, overbearing in prosperity—
his character was a compound of singular contradictions.

Concluding.

He presented the contradictory character of a man

prudent in debate, but rash in action—
moderate in peace, vindictive in war—
patient in adversity, overbearing in prosperity.

Note.—In this last species of Series, the *middle pause* has place after each member; that is, after each perfect antithesis.

PRONOMINAL SERIES.

[*See ante*, PRONOMINAL PHRASE.]

A series of verbs or other parts of speech having, in concordance, the same pronoun or pronominal phrase (or *quasi*

pronominal phrase.) in Series is read with the inflections proper to *simple* series (for the pronouns and pronominal phrases have *no* inflection.)

EXAMPLES.

I told [him], I warned [him] I advised [him] I implored [him]
to act ~~with~~ [you] near [you] through [you] under [you].

He speaks clearly [he speaks] truly [he speaks] boldly.

Charity beareth all things, believeth [all things] hopeth [all things] endureth [all things].

When I was a child, I spake [as a child] I understood [as a child] I thought [as a child].

PRACTICE

ON

PART II. OF THE SECOND DIVISION.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF THE HON. HENRY CLAY ON THE EMANCIPATION OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THUS, upon the ground of strict right, upon the footing of a mere legal question governed by forensic rules, the Colonies, being absolved by the acts of the parent country from the duty of subjection to it, had an *indisputable right* to set up for themselves.

But, sir, I take a broader and a bolder position. I maintain that an oppressed people are authorized, whenever they can, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English revolution; it was the great principle of our own. We must pass sentence of condemnation upon the founders of our liberty—say that they were rebels, traitors—and that we are, this moment, legislating without competent powers, before we can condemn the cause of Spanish America. Our revolution was mainly directed against the mere *theory* of tyranny. Our intrepid and intelligent fathers saw, in the usurpation of the

power to levy an inconsiderable tax, the long train of oppressive acts that were to follow. *They rose—they breasted the storm—they achieved our freedom!* Spanish America, for centuries, has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified.

I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty, if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despotism. But if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom; if they seek to establish it; if, in truth, they have established it, we have a right, as a sovereign power, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require. I will say, in the language of the venerated father of my country, "Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom." Whenever I think of Spanish America, the image irresistibly forces itself upon my mind of an elder brother whose education has been neglected, whose person has been abused and maltreated, and who has been disinherited by the unkindness of an unnatural parent. And when I contemplate the glorious struggle which that country is now making, I think I behold that brother rising by the power and energy of his fine native genius to the manly rank which nature and nature's God intended for him.

THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL IN POETRY.

OF all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him. And, as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate (we venture to say) in profound ignorance of the art of poetry. What is spirit? What are our own minds—the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes: we, therefore, infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word, but we have no image of the thing: and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words, indeed; but they are merely instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more en-

titled to be called poetry, than a bale of canvas and a box of colors are to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude, in all ages and nations, to idolatry, can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is every reason to believe, worshipped an invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore, produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. The history of the Jews is the record of a continual struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the *secondary* causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world—while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte—operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the Cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty

legions, were humbled in the dust!* Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principles which had assisted it began to corrupt. It became a new Paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must be *embodied* before they can excite strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interest-

* The members of the compound series contained in this sentence, should be thus classified and inflected:

It was before Deity, embodied in a human form[~]
 walking among men[~] partaking of their infirmities[~]
 leaning on their bosoms[~] weeping over their graves[~]
 slumbering in the manger[~] bleeding on the cross[~]
 that the prejudices of the synagogue[~] and the doubts of the
 academy[~] and the pride of the portico[~] and the fasces of the
 lictor[~] and the swords of thirty legions[~] were humbled in the
 dust.

ed for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer, that no poet who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure.—*Macauley.*

EVIDENCE AND PRECEDENTS IN LAW.

BEFORE you can adjudge *a fact*, you *must believe it*;—not suspect it, or imagine it, or fancy it,—but *believe* it: and it is impossible to impress the human mind with such a reasonable and certain belief, as is necessary to be impressed, before a Christian man can adjudge his neighbor to the smallest penalty, much less to the pains of death, without having such evidence as a reasonable mind will accept of as the infallible test of truth. And what is that evidence?—Neither more nor less than that which the Constitution has established in the courts for the general administration of justice: namely, that the evidence convince the jury, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the criminal *intention*, constituting the crime, existed in the mind of the man upon trial, and was the main-spring of his conduct. The rules of evidence, as they are settled by law, and adopted in its general administration, are not to be overruled or tampered with. They are founded in the charities of religion—in the philosophy of nature—in the truths of history—and in the experience of common life; and whoever ventures

P*

rashly to depart from them, let him remember that it will be meted to him in the same measure, and that both God and man will judge him accordingly.

These are arguments addressed to your reasons and your consciences ; not to be shaken in upright minds by any precedent,—for no precedents can sanctify injustice : if they could, every human right would long ago have been extinct upon the earth. If the State Trials, in bad times, are to be searched for precedents, what murders may you not commit—what law of humanity may you not trample upon—what rule of justice may you not violate—and what maxim of wise policy may you not abrogate and confound ? If precedents in bad times are to be implicitly followed, why should we have heard any evidence at all ? You might have convicted without any evidence ; for many have been so convicted—and, in this manner, murdered—even by acts of Parliament. If precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the Lords and Commons have investigated these charges, and the Crown have put them into this course of judicial trial ?—since, without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon one, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of Parliament :—they did so in the case of Lord Strafford.

There are precedents, therefore, for all such things ; but such precedents as could not for a moment survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth ; but which, as soon as the spurs of the occasions were blunted, were repealed and execrated even by Parliaments which (little as I may think of

the present) ought not be compared with it: Parliaments—sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burnt, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible to after-ages; an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honor, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity—it was a treason against society; for, instead of commanding them to be burnt, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned in large letters upon the walls of our Courts of Justice, that, like the characters deciphered by the prophet of God to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights, to terrify you from acts of injustice.—*Erskine*.

SKETCH OF LORD CHATHAM'S ADMINISTRATION.

ANOTHER scene was opened, and other actors appeared upon the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may truly be called,

—Clarum et venerabile nomen

Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited

rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the world's eye, and—more than all the rest—his fall from power (which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character,) will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him ; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But, what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me, at that time, to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offence. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, (and surely a little too general,) led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself,—and, for that reason (among others) perhaps, fatal to his country,—measures, the effects of which, I am afraid, are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled ; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed—a cabinet so variously inlaid—such a piece of diversified mosaic—such a tessellated pavement without cement ; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white ; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans ; whigs and tories ; treacherous friends and open enemies ;—that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and

were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?"—"Sir, you have the advantage of me."—"Mr. Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons!" I venture to say, it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoke to each other in their lives; until they found themselves—they knew not how—pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.—*Burke.*

END OF PART II. OF SECOND DIVISION.

SECOND DIVISION.

PART III.

1. COMPOUND INFLECTIONS.
2. PAUSE OF FORCE, OR EXPRESSION.
3. CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

COMPOUND INFLECTIONS.

I have previously mentioned *compound inflections*, and it is now time to explain their force and use. They are distinguished from the simple rise and fall, by a *greater range* of ascent and descent, comprehending tones, double tones, and half tones, (carrying the voice over an interval of *five* tones, and sometimes even of an *octave*.)

The compound inflections are—

1. The compound *rising*—thus marked ~
2. The compound *falling*—thus ^

The curved line is chosen to indicate them, because in making them, the voice does not rise or fall *directly*, but in a sort of *curve*, taking in (or *slurring* over) intermediate half-tones in its ascent or descent to the extreme point of inflection.

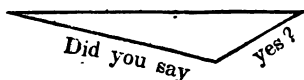
The use of these inflections does not set aside the rules for inflection, so far as to the point whether the

inflection shall be *rising* or *falling* ; but it increases the *pitch*, and *power* of the inflection.

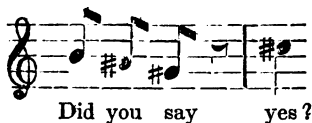
Thus, if I ask you—

Did you say *yes* ?

with the *simple* rising inflection, the question is an indifferent one,—in fact, a simple interrogation : it might be thus marked on a diagram, indicating the descent and ascent of the voice, and the extreme point of inflection.

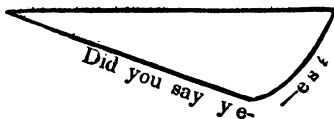


Or, in music, it might be thus scored—

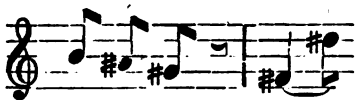


Here the ascent or *rise* is of *three* tones,—or, as it is called, in *thirds*.

But, if I am *anxiously desirous* to know what your answer was—and in my question wish to *express* that I shall be very much *surprised* if you have said “Yes,” my question would be inflected with the *compound* (or *curved*) inflection, thus:



or in musical score:



Did you say

y e - s ?

or,



Y - e - - s.

in which there is on the word *yes* both a *descent* and an *ascent*—(that is, a *double* or *compound* inflection), the ascent being two tones higher than that of the simple inflection in the simple question; and the curved line denotes the *slur* of the voice in passing from the low tone to the high one.

In the same manner, the *simple falling* is changed, for expression and force, to the *compound falling* inflection. Thus, in reply to the above question, if you give a simple answer, you will say—*No*—with the simple falling inflection; but if (in answer to *my* compound inflection) you desire to imply “*by no means; nothing could be further from my thoughts; and I am surprised you should ask such a question;*”—then you will reply with the *compound falling* inflection,

No—



No - - -

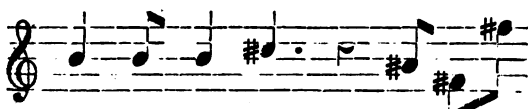
commencing on a high pitch of voice, and making a sweep or *curve* of *descent* equal and corresponding to the curve of *ascent* in the compound rising inflection of my question.

That ascent and descent are usually in *fifths*, as above; but when the speaker is under strong passion, his voice will ascend a full *octave*. Such, for example, should be the range of the inflection on the questions by *Hamlet* to *Laertes* at *Ophelia's* grave:

“Dost thou come here to whine ?

To outface me with leaping in her grave ?”

Hamlet, act iv., sc. 1.



Dost thou come here to whine.

And, unless the voice reach the *octave* in these lines, the passionate contempt intended to be conveyed will be lost; and the scornful question will be changed into a common interrogation, expecting a serious answer.

Such is the distinction between the compound and simple inflections.

Now let us see when and for *what* they are used.

RULE.

The compound inflections are used in *strong and vehement interrogation*,—and for *wonder, contempt, scornful indignation, ridicule*, and (especially) in **IRONY**.

EXAMPLES.

When, in "The Merchant of Venice," (Act iv., sc. 1) *Portia*, understanding that the merchant's bond to *Shylock* is forfeited, says—

Then must the Jew be merciful;

and *Shylock* asks—

On what compulsion *must* I? tell me that;

her reply—

The quality of mercy is not strain'd—

must be marked with the *compound rising* inflection; which will give the expression of *wonder* that such a question could be asked, and *contempt* for the sordid feeling that dictated it.

So, in the following examples, for *ridicule* and *irony*:

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

For Brutus is an honorable man.

You meant no harm; oh no! your thoughts are innocent,
you have nothing to hide; your breast is pure, stainless, all
truth.

And in that reply of *Brutus* to *Cassius*, (*Julius Cæsar*.
Act iv.,) the *scorn* implied in his indignant interrogations,
must be marked with the compound inflection, reaching a *full*
octave.

Cas.—Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Br.—All this? Aye, more!—Fret till your proud heart break:
Go show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?—

It is, in fact, this *pitch*, (the octave,) that lends the scornful
expression to the words; and it is the degree of expression re-
quired that is to regulate the pitch.

IN ANTITHESIS.

These inflections are also used to give increased force to *an-*
tithesis; and follow each other, sometimes, in *double antithesis*
so closely, that the voice is kept in a continual *wave* of ascent
and descent, by alternate rising and falling compound inflec-
tions.

EXAMPLES.

If you said so, then I said so.

Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung !

In all the above examples, there is a certain degree of *jeering* or *irony* conveyed ; and it is in the *ironical* expression that these compound inflections, (with *high pitch*.) have the greatest power. An exceedingly good practice on these inflections is Marc Antony's speech to the populace, over the dead body of Cæsar ; in which it will be perceived what effect may be added to the oft-repeated epithet, "*honorable men*," (which the orator *ironically* applies to Brutus and the rest) by the adoption of these compound inflections. But, in the practice of this speech, remark that the *irony* is not *immediately* displayed by Marc Antony. He dares not, in the first instance, cast a doubt, by ironical expression, upon the motives of Brutus and the rest : and it is only when he feels that he is making a favorable impression upon the multitude, and "stealing away their hearts," that he ventures to unveil his thoughts, and to speak with irony, and finally in utter contempt, of the "*honorable men* who have stabb'd Cæsar." Bearing this hint in mind, the student may, at this point of his progress, exercise himself with advantage on that celebrated piece of oratory.*

2. PAUSE OF FORCE, OR EXPRESSION.

Great expression and force may be imparted to an idea by the introduction of the short pause, with a suspension of the voice immediately *before* the word conveying the idea, or embodying emotion.

This pause, so introduced and suspending the sense, is called the *Pause of Force*.

* See Appendix.

Like the *Emphasis of Force* (with which it is frequently allied), it is arbitrary in its use, and depends on the will and judgment of the speaker for its employment.

RULE.

The pause of force or expression is made by arresting and suspending the voice, immediately *before* the word or member on which the speaker wishes to concentrate his power.

EXAMPLE.

In Marc Antony's apostrophe to Cæsar's body,—when Brutus and the rest, after the murder of Cæsar, having shaken hands with Antony in pledge of amity, have left him alone in the Senate house,—he exclaims,

Oh! pardon me,—thou bleeding piece of earth,—
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

The force and *expression* of this passage, in delivery, is wonderfully increased, if, besides the usual pauses, we introduce the pause of feeling *before*—with the emphasis of force *on*—the word "*butchers*:" the passage will then be marked thus—

Oh! pardon me— thou piece of bleeding earth —*
That I am meek and gentle — with these butchers!

The effect of this is at once felt: it is as if the speaker paused to find a word strong enough for his feeling of abhorrence; and, at length, hitting on the

* The reading of the text of this line is received either "bleeding piece of earth," or "piece of bleeding earth:" the former appears to me the better reading.

word *butcher*, he pours it out with the force and expression of *execration*.

This pause arrests the attention of the hearer in an extraordinary manner ; and therefore it may be used for that effect, before the word of particular force and importance in the most solemn and least-excited passages ; as in Saint Paul,

And now abideth faith, hope, charity ; these three : but
the greatest of these is charity.

And in Portia's speech on mercy,

And earthly power doth then shew likest *God's*,
When mercy seasons justice.

In excited passages of highly-wrought feeling, it also gives the orator an opportunity of gathering full power of voice to concentrate it on the one word or phrase—as, in the well-known burst of *Othello's* passion :

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more !

Great power and expression may be added to the phrase "*torture me*," by the introduction of this pause, with the emphasis of force, on the words "*torture me*."

The strength of the passage is further increased by the addition of the same pause before the words "*never pray more*," in which case, the pause will be *doubled* in time ; (as there is already a pause of *sense* required after torture me.)

The passage will then stand marked—with pause, inflection (of *antithesis*,) and emphasis of *force*.

If thou dost slander *her*, and [˘] torture *me*˘

Never pray more !

We shall presently see that the power of this passage may be still further augmented—under the force of

CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

The emphasis of *sense* goes to *meaning* only ; the emphasis of *force* is expressive of *intensity* and *energy*. That expression is augmented by *doubling* the emphasis,—and is brought to its *climax* of power, by applying it to *several words in succession* ; which is called accumulated or *Cumulative Emphasis*.

This emphasis, when judiciously used, adds great power to passages of strength : but it must not be frequently employed, or it will lose its effect by the repetition, and give a disagreeable jerking to the delivery. It is introduced properly, to add increased force to *climax*,—either of powerful *argument*, or of highly-wrought *passion*. In both these cases it crowns the excitement and energy of the speaker ; it is the “top-most round” of the ladder, beyond which he cannot step. It should therefore be reserved for great occasions. Thus,—

EXAMPLES.

1. In an important reply, in which the orator feels that he has triumphantly refuted the arguments of his opponent, he may, with effect, close the climax of his triumph with the cumulative emphasis of force :

I have thus shown, from the gentleman's own arguments, that the doctrine advanced by him is not at present received: —that it never was received: that it never can by any possibility be received: and that, if admitted, it must be by the total subversion of liberty itself!

2. Again, on the climax of intense passion, as in the former example of Othello's speech, read with cumulative emphasis, the articulation of the passage becomes almost syllabic, and it acquires tremendous power.

If thou dost slander her and torture me—

Never pray more: abandon all remorse.

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amazed—

For nothing canst thou to damnation add

Greater than this!

Such is the power of Cumulative Emphasis.

EXPRESSION of feeling and *passion* is achieved, not by *inflection* or *emphasis*, but by *pitch of voice*; which will be treated of in the next division.

END OF PART III. OF SECOND DIVISION.

THIRD DIVISION.

THE principles developed in the preceding Division have taught us to read and speak with meaning, force, and ease. But Elocution has a higher aim. She follows the human voice in its natural and unrestrained expression of intense feeling,—she accompanies it “in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of its passion;” she knows it in its joy and in its sorrow; she catches, and treasures up its intonations of love and hate, persuasion and command, scorn, pity, tenderness and rage; and by the power of her “so potent art,” she holds them like familiar spirits, to be let loose at will.

Under her teaching, he who will, may learn their mastery; subdue them to his power; and call them to his aid, when he would cast a spell over the minds and hearts of his fellow-men.

This is the highest triumph of Elocution;—*the truthful utterance of intense and passionate feeling.*

This is to be attained by the power of

INTONATION, EXPRESSION, ENERGY;

the Crowning Graces of Elocution.

INTONATION.

Intonation is the art of imparting true and perfect *tone* to the organ of the voice : its practice forms the *Education of the Voice*, and gives it fulness and volume.

The human voice (as I have before observed) must be regarded as a musical instrument—*an Organ*. To produce its tones, its bellows—the *lungs*—must be kept duly *inflated*, or supplied with breath ; the pipe—the *throat*—must have full play,—the orifice of the *mouth* must be *well opened*, and the sound must be poured through it in a copious, swelling *stream* ; interrupted, momentarily, by *pause* or rests, —on which it gathers fresh impetus for its onward course.

Many a voice is called weak, not because it is really deficient in natural power, but because its possessor is ignorant of, or unpractised in, the mechanical means of eliciting, improving, and displaying its strength. For the means are *mechanical*, and consist of the following

PROCESS OF INTONATION.

1. INFLATION OF THE LUNGS, (to begin,) *and regularly supplying what they expend in respiration*—by an imperceptible *inspiration*, or catch of the breath, at each pause :—(*and here the rhetorical pause is of great service.*)

2. OPENING THE MOUTH *well*—not speaking through the teeth—or, as it is called, “eating your words,”—(which nine speakers out of ten do.)

3. POURING OUT THE VOICE *regularly*, with an even and continuous *flow and swell* ; not in irregular jerks and starts.

This process is perfectly simple, and merely requires exercise to make it easy. It is, in fact, the same art as that which every one has observed in *public singers*; who, however, *display* the mechanical means too manifestly, (and in some instances painfully,) by distortion of visage and heaving of chest. This exhibition of the physical effort must be avoided by the Elocutionist: *Ars est celare artem*. The machinery must be worked, but the springs and wheels must be kept out of sight.

SWELL OF VOICE.

The swell of voice is called in music *crescendo*, or *increasing*, and is denoted by this mark, \lessgtr ; and the *diminishing* of the sound is called *diminuendo*, thus denoted, \gtrless .

The *whole* swell and decrease is therefore thus denoted \diamond .

I shall adopt the *same* respective marks;—to denote the increasing of the volume of voice—and its diminution.

INSPIRATION.

Observe that the pauses afford the opportunity for regular *inspiration*, to supply expended breath; a resort absolutely necessary in order to powerful enunciation and perfect intonation; for there can be no command of voice without a perfect command of breath.

I have previously laid it down, that in the delivery of *serial sentences*—where the sense goes on increasing by *amplification*—the volume of voice or sound should also increase (*crescendo*) up to the *climax*; but remember, that *shouting* is *not* Intonation.*

* There is a marked distinction between noise and musical sound. Noise is a confused mixture of sounds produced by the

Observing this, and also the rules of *pause* and *inflection* on Series, let the reader practise himself on the following

EXERCISE ON INTONATION.

1. In times, when the whole habitable earth™ is in a state of change and fluctuation™

when deserts are starting up™ into civilized empires around you,™

and when men,™ no longer the slaves of particular countries,™ much less of particular governments,™

enlist themselves,™ like the citizens of an enlightened world,™ into whatever communities™ where their civil liberties may be best protected,™

it never can be™ for the advantage of this country™ to prove™

that the strict letter of the laws™ is no security to its inhabitants.

2. The following exordium of Brutus' speech to the populace, also affords an excellent exercise for the

concussion of non-elastic bodies; whereas musical sound is a pure harmonious effect emanating from a simple elastic body, as the tone of a bell. It is a curious fact, that musical sounds fly farther, and are heard at a greater distance, than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude, which is overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying upon the spot.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

student ; who will remember that Brutus is supposed to be addressing a large and turbulent popular assembly in the open air ; and therefore requires a powerful intonation, in order to obtain even a hearing.

Romans[~] countrymen[~] and lovers[~] ! Hear me[~] for my cause[~]—
and be silent[~] that[~] you may hear. Believe me[~] for mine
honor[~]— and have respect to mine honor[~] that you may believe.
Censure me in your wisdom[~]— and awake your senses[~] that you
may the better judge. | If there be any[~] in this assembly[~]
any dear friend of Cæsar[~]— to him I say[~] that Brutus' love for
Cæsar[~] was no less than his. If then[~] that friend demand[~]
why Brutus rose against Cæsar[~]— this[~] is my answer[~]— Not[~]
that I loved Cæsar[~] less[~]— but[~] that I loved Rome[~] more !

If the pupil will exercise himself in this last passage *aloud*, commencing on a *low tone*—*inspiring* on the *pauses* (so as to keep his lungs filled with breath)—and *increasing the volume of his voice* on the *crescendo*,—he will make considerable advance in the practice of Intonation. As he proceeds, he will find that his voice will ascend and take a higher pitch. The use of the *long pause* (as at the word “*judge*,”) will serve to resume the tone on which he commenced.

(See PAUSE—*Long Pause*. SECOND DIV. Part I.)

INTONATION OF POETRY.

We have hitherto confined our exercises to *Prose readings* ;—on the principle that we must *learn to*

walk before we run. But Intonation is so connected with, and necessary to the reading and delivery of verse and poetic language, that it is now a proper time and place to introduce some observations on

POETICAL ELOCUTION.

It is first to be observed, that the general style of reading or reciting verse and poetic language, should be higher and more exalted than that of prose: for poetry is a more exalted style of composition than prose; and the elocution must keep pace with the subject or matter. The voice must flow more softly; must undulate gently, and not jump or jerk on the inflections; so that the verse may run smoothly and without jar upon the ear. Intonation must be particularly attended to in poetical delivery; so that the music of the voice being fully brought out, it may aid and give echo to the music of the language.

This style I call the *imaginative style* of Elocution: because it is the style to be adopted in the delivery of all imaginative composition, whether in prose or verse. For, I need not remark that there is *poetical prose*, which must be delivered in the imaginative or poetical style; and we all painfully know that there is *poetry*—or rather *verse*—so irredeemably *prosaic*, that no reading or Elocution could possibly invest it with the attributes of *poetry*: the best way is not to read it at all.

As an example of *poetic prose*, take the following

EXTRACT FROM OSSIAN.

As Autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so to-

ward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain ; loud, rough and dark, in battle met Lochlin and Innisfail ; chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high ; blood bursts and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven ; such is the noise of battle. The groan of the people spreads over the hills. It was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.

Such language as this must not be delivered as common prose ; but the speaker's Elocution must be swelling, exalted, dignified ; in fine, elevated to the level of the composition. In the same manner, in the delivery of any figurative passage in an ordinary discourse or oration,—where the orator, borne aloft on the wings of his imagination, quits the common track of language and soars in the regions of fancy,—the Elocution must also rise, and sustain a flight equal in loftiness and ambition to the elevation of the orator's diction and style. As in the following

EXTRACT FROM BURKE.*

In the course of all this proceeding, your lordships will not fail to observe, he is never corrupt but he is cruel : he never dines with comfort, but where he is sure to create a famine. He never robs from the loose superfluity of standing greatness ; he devours the fallen, the indigent, the necessitous. His extortion is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, who snatches away the living, struggling prey ; he is a vulture who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying and the dead. As his cru-

* Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

elty is more shocking than his corruption, so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty. For whilst his bloody and rapacious hand signs proscriptions, and sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with tears; and he converts the healing balm, that bleeds from wounded humanity, into a rancorous and deadly poison to the race of man.

Every one feels how much this passage rises above the ordinary diction of prose,—that it is, in fact, a flight of oratory. The Elocution must keep pace with it; that is, the *imaginative style* must be adopted.

One of the main characteristics of this lofty style is what is called the *orotund* voice; that is, that full and swelling tone which is produced by the same organic form and action of the mouth as are necessary perfectly to enunciate the tonic $\overset{7}{o}$, as in $\overset{7}{o}$ -ld, c- $\overset{7}{o}$ -l-d, &c. To utter this tonic perfectly, the mouth is kept in a *rotund* form, and the tone produced is called *orotund* (*ore rotundo*.) By carefully reading the following lines, with particular attention to the enunciation of the tonic $\overset{7}{o}$, and swelling the voice upon it, the pupil will attain a clear perception of the orotund voice.

Oh $\overleftarrow{\text{holy}}$ $\overleftarrow{\text{Hope}}$ ™ that $\overleftarrow{\text{flows}}$ thro' all my $\overleftarrow{\text{soul}}$!

From $\overleftarrow{\text{pole}}$ to $\overleftarrow{\text{pole}}$ ™ the deep-toned thunders $\overleftarrow{\text{roll}}$.

$\overleftarrow{\text{Low}}$ hollow $\overleftarrow{\text{moans}}$ ™ proclaim his deep-souled $\overleftarrow{\text{woe}}$.

Now, the form of the mouth in uttering these lines, must, from the prevalence of the tonic $\overset{7}{o}$, be *rotund*; and the quality of voice must be *orotund*. The art is

to be able to preserve that quality of voice in other passages in which that tonic sound of ⁷o does not prevail; but which, nevertheless, require, and are capable of receiving, on the tonics which they do contain, the full swelling tone of the oro-tund, as in the following

PRACTICE ON OROTUND.

And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Shaks.

All are but parts of one harmonious whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul!

Pope.

With woful measures, wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled.

Collins.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

Addison.

To *Scriptural reading*, and *prayer*, the orotund is most appropriate; for its full swelling tone lends depth and solemnity to the delivery, and is strongly expressive of reverential feeling. The acquisition and command of the orotund, therefore, is essential to the

clergyman, whose voice is required to fill a large building, not only so as to be audible, but with a deep and solemn effect that shall secure the attention, respect and sympathy of his auditors. The figurative and sublime language of the Old Testament must not be uttered, (as it too frequently is,) in the familiar and undignified tone in which we would deliver an ordinary lecture, or make a statement of finance; and even the beautiful simplicity of the New Testament must not be vulgarised and degraded to the familiar tone of common-place conversation or narration. The dignity of his subject, his office, its high aim, the place, the occasion, all demand from the clergyman, dignity of style and manner; and the orotund voice, with its full swelling stream of sound, is the one adapted to that end. It should, therefore, be a great and constant object of the clergyman to educate his voice and utterance upon this point. More than these few hints on Scriptural reading I cannot give here; it is a style of itself, which requires considerable practice, and cultivation of voice, so as to avoid, on the one hand, meanness, and familiarity in aiming at simplicity; and on the other, to escape bombast and turgidity, while aspiring to dignity and power.

READING OF VERSE.

The previous observations apply to the general style of poetical Elocution, whether in prose or verse. In the reading of verse, we must, moreover, be careful to preserve **RHYTHM** and **MELODY**.

1. **RHYTHM** is musical order of arrangement : it is as pleasing, and indeed necessary to the satisfaction of the ear, as symmetry and regularity of form are to the eye. In music, rhythm governs the leaping or gushing of the sound ; in dance, it regulates the beating of the feet ; in language, it directs or arranges the pulsations or strokes of the voice upon words or syllables ; or, as it is called, in music, the *accentuation*. I have before observed, that there is a rhythm even in prose ; but it is uncertain, irregular and fickle. Verse is the music of language ; rhythm is its essential quality ; the regularity and perfection of which distinguish it from prose. Verse is addressed to the ear ; its music is not received through the eye, (although a regular *marginal blank* may seem to mark the versification on paper,) and therefore, it is as requisite, in reading verse, to mark the rhythmical accentuation of the line, as that, in playing or singing, we should observe due time. That is, we must regulate the pulsation and movement of sound by the voice, to the regulated metrical accentuation (or rhythm) of the verse.

English verse consists of the arrangement, at regular intervals, of accented and *unaccented*,—or, more properly speaking, of heavy and light syllables.

This regular arrangement, or order, constitutes the rhythm of the verse,—whether that verse be *blank* or in *rhyme* ;—rhyme is the coincidence of sound in the closing cadence of one line with that of another ; it has no reference to or influence upon the rhythm, from which it is perfectly distinct, nor is it an essential constituent of English poetry,

Latin and Greek Verse is measured, by prosodians, by certain adjustments of syllables, *long* and *short*, called *feet* : of these feet there is a great variety, of which the principal are the

Spondee—two long syllables, as *ūndōne*,

Trochee—one long and one short syllable, 'as *mēreŷ*,

Iambus—one short and one long, as *ēlate*,

Dactyl—one long and two short, as *mērcifū*,

Anapaest—two short and one long, as *lēmonāde*.

But, of that style of scanning our English verse is quite independent, and indeed incapable. The syllables in our language cannot be classed as long or short, for the same syllables vary in quantity, as they occur in different verses, according to the amount of feeling or force that may be given to them, and other circumstances governing their quantity. English verse is regulated by the arrangement of heavy and light syllables, and depends for its musical effect upon time and accentuation ; or, *pulsation* and *remission* of sound, on the heavy and light syllables, respectively.

English verse may be divided into common time and triple time : the first being the pace of a man's walk ; the second of a horse's canter. The accentuation is, as in music, always on the bar ; that is, the accented note, or heavy syllable, must commence the bar, or its place must be supplied by a rest, which counts for it ; for *rests are as essential to rhythm as the notes themselves*.

Thus we can divide or bar for accentuation, all English verse. Take the following three examples, as *timed*, *barred*, and *accented*: the two first are in *common time*, the third is in triple time:

$\frac{2}{4}$ | ~ A | pré'sent | déity | ~ they | shóut a | round ~ |
 | ~ A | pré'sent | déity | ~ the | váulted|roofs re | bound ~ |

$\frac{2}{4}$ Softly | sweet in | Ly'dian | measures |
 Soon he | soóthed his | sóul to | pleásures.

$\frac{3}{8}$ | ~ The | prínces ap | plaúd with a | fúrious | jóy ~ |
 | ~ And the | kíng seized a | flámbeau with | zéal to des- |
 troy. ~ |

The pulsation of voice, and the classification or division of the syllables as accented and arranged in the preceding couplets, distinctly mark their different rhythm.—To illustrate this further, read the second line of the third couplet, as if it were thus divided and accented:

And the kíng | seized a flámbeau | with zéal | to destróy.

Thus read, the verse becomes *prose*; for, by *false accentuation*, its musical movement is lost, and the rhythm is destroyed. This must be clear to every ear.

At the same time be careful not to fall into that *sing-song* style of reading verse, which is produced by the accentuation of little and insignificant words.

This *sing-song* style. so common among readers,

is the result of the absurd attempt of prosodians to measure English versification by *feet*, instead of by *time* and *accentuation*. The music of a verse is not to be ascertained by counting on the fingers, or *scanning*, (as it is called); but by the ear.*

English verse consists of a certain number of bars, in the same time; of which the rests or pauses are constituent parts: and it is therefore as much on the due observance of these rests, as on the accentuation of the notes or syllables, that the rhythm depends.

Take the following examples of verses *scanned* first according to the *feet* of the *prosodians*, counted on their fingers, and then according to the *rational prosody* which really governs the rhythm of English verse,—that is, *time* and *accentuation*. According to the former plan, it will be observed, that the sense is utterly sacrificed to the scanning, for want of rest or pause, however necessary it may be to the meaning or feeling of the verse; while, by the latter plan, the rhythm, sense and feeling go hand in hand, and are aided by rests.

1. Prosodial scanning by feet—

IAMBICS.

Ōn thē | bāre ēāth | expōsed | hē liēs, |

With nōt | ā friēnd | tō clōse | hīs ēyēs. |

A mode of scanning, if adhered to in the reading, which would utterly destroy the sense and power of the lines. They should be thus *barred*, *timed*, and *accented*:

* See this subject diffusely and learnedly treated in Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*.



On the | bare | earth ♪ | ♪ ex | posed he | lies, ♪ |



♪ With | not a | friend ♪ | ♪ to | close his | eyes. ♪ |

By which, we find, that these are verses of six bars, in common time, the rests filling up the bars, exactly where the sense requires a pause. And so in the following examples: in which it will be seen that verses which would be said by the prosodians to consist of *four feet*, are, in general, verses of *six bars*; and that what would, in scanning, be called by prosodians *pentameters*, or *five-foot verses*, are really lines of *six*, and sometimes even of *eight bars*.—The time, either triple or common, is denoted in the following examples by the figure 2, (common,) or 3, (triple.)

THREE BARS.

2. | Oh the | sight en | trancing |
 | ♪ When the | morning's | beam is | glancing, |
 | ♪ O'er | files ar | rayed ♪ |
 | ♪ With | helm and | blade ♪ |
 | ♪ And | plumes in the | gay wind | dancing. |

3. | ♪ Up | early and | late, ♪ |
 | ♪ To | toil and to | wait, ♪ |
 | ♪ To | do as one's | bid, ♪ |
 | ♪ Yet for | ever be | chid, ♪ |
 | ♪ Ill | humor to | bear, ♪ |

~ And	yét not to	dáre, ~
~ Tho' with	ánger we	burn, ~
~ To be	cross in re	turn. ~

FOUR BARS.

3. | Pláce me in | régions of e | térnal ~ | winter ~ |
 | Where not a | blossom to the | breezé can | open ~ but |
 | Darkening | tempests ~ | closing all a | round me ~ |
 Chill the cre | átion. |

2. | Ságe be | néath a | spreading | oak ~ |
 | Sáte the | Drúid | hoáry | chief ~ |
 | Évery | burning | word he | spoke ~ |
 | Full of | ráge and | full of | grief. ~ |

SIX AND FOUR BARS.

3. | ~ When | hé who a | dorés thee | ~ has | léft but
 the | náme ~ |
 | ~ Of his | fáult and his | sorrow be | hind ~ |
 | Óh! ~ | say ~ | ~ wilt thou | weép when they |
 darken the | fáme ~ |
 | ~ Of a | life that for | thée was re | signed ~ ? |

SIX BARS.

2. | ~ A | chílles' | wráth ~ to | Gréece the | direful | spríng ~ |
 | ~ Of | woes un | number'd ~ | heavenly | Goddess ~ | sing. ~

It will be found by reading verse according to this system,—of marking the rhythm by time and accentuation,—that it will flow much more easily than when read by prosodial scanning: nor shall we be obliged to make elisions of vowels for the purpose of preserving the apparent regularity of the line,—that is, according to the plan of counting the syllables on the fingers. No poet has suffered more from this pedantic method of *measuring* English verse, than Shakspeare, whose commentators have not scrupled to add syllables to, or deduct syllables from his lines, in order to give them “the right butter-woman’s pace to market;” and this because these learned gentlemen, instead of receiving the music of his verse through their ears, *measured* his lines, like tape, upon their fingers: and if they did not happen exactly to fit the prescribed length, they laid him upon the Procrustes’ bed of their prosodial pedantry, and stretched him out, if too short, or cut him down, if too long! Thus they have succeeded, in some instances, in “curtailing” his verse of its beauty and “fair proportions,” by the elision or blending of vowels, whose utterance really forms the music of the lines. For example, of the line

| O ~ | Romeo ! | Romeo ! | wherefore | art thou | Romeo ? |

they would make a verse of what they would call five feet, with a redundant syllable; and, to do this, they are obliged to reduce the melodious name of *Ro-me-o* to *two* syllables; and scan it thus:—

Ōh Rō | m̃yo Rō | m̃yo whēre | fōre ārt | thōu Rō | m̃yo ?—

thus clipping and defacing the language, for the sake of leveling it to the standard of a false prosody.

Again, if we follow this prosodial *finger-measuring* of verse, what becomes of the force and depth of the heart-wrung exclamation of *Samson*, (*Agonistes*,) when he exclaims:—

Oh! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!

The prosodians would thus *measure* it:

Ōh dārk | dārk dārk | ămīd | the blāze | ōf nōon |

and thus destroy all the force and passion of the line: a *rational prosody*, preserving the feeling, as well as the rhythm of the verse, would thus divide it into eight bars, timing it duly, and marking it with rests that add to its beauty and power.



2. | Oh | dark | dark | dark | a - | mid the | blaze of | noon.

Thus we preserve all the expression of the verse, and distinguish its melody and rhythm from such a verse as the following, which has exactly the same number of syllables as the above line, and would, by the prosodians, be scanned exactly in the same manner; yet it has quite a different movement:

A burdenous drone, to visitants a gaze.

If we follow the *prosodians*, we shall thus scan this line:

Ā būrd' | nōus drōne | tō vīs | ītānts | ă gāze.

If we follow good taste, common sense, and rhythmical accentuation, we shall thus measure it:

3. | ˘ ˘ A | burdenous | drone˘ to | visitants a | gaze.˘

It is thus a line of five bars, in *triple* time: and the change from common time is in keeping with the expression.

The same of the following line, which owes its lightness and beauty to its accentuation and *triple* time:

3. Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn.

It is on the variation of time and accentuation that the verse of Milton depends so much for its force and melody. The poet has studiously adapted the time and movement of his verse to the effect intended to be produced; but the system of *scanning* reduces all verse to the same humdrum jog-trot.

"The native wood-notes, wild," says Kemble, "which could delight the cultivated ear of a Milton, are not to be regulated by those who measure verses by their fingers."

And yet it is recorded of Kemble, (and the anecdote is an excellent satire upon prosodial scanning,) that, in obedience to this *finger-measuring* of verse, the second of the following lines, in the *Tempest*,

"—— P'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din"—

was thus read by Kemble:

"Fill all thy bones with *atches*, make thee roar,"—

an absurdity really ridiculous, committed in order to make up the full number of ten syllables, or five *feet*, of which, according to prosodial scanning, the verse is composed. The time, measure, and reading of the line are thus:



2. ~ Fill | all thy | bones ~ with | aches ~ | make thee | roar ~ |

The rest after "aches" fills up the rhythm, prevents the absurdity of perverting "aches" into a word of two syllables, and adds to the force and expression of the line. Thus we see that, in *rhythmical reading*, the rests or pauses are as necessary to the measure as the notes or syllables themselves. The *Cesural* pause, spoken of by *Blair* and the prosodians, may sometimes suffice, with the rest at the close of the line, to make out the rhythm and sense of the verse; but, for fine, musical, and expressive reading of verse, other rests are necessary, not only in the middle and at the close of the line, but in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or whatever bar the rhythm, sense, or feeling demands them. And the accentuation of the lines will not run on in the same unvarying

Iambic jog-trot, but will change from common to triple time, and back again, just as the poet, (if he have a fine ear,) shall vary his verse, to produce a severe or light and airy effect.

The following lines in blank verse and common time, are exceedingly rhythmical and melodious ; but their rhythm will be almost destroyed, and they will become merely poetical *prose*, if, in delivering them, we neglect to mark the variation, which is occasionally made by the poet in the movement of his verse,—by change of time and accentuation.

A SABBATH MORN.—GRAHAME.

How still the morning[˘] of the hallow'd day ![˘]
 Mute is the voice[˘] of rural labor,[˘]— hush'd[˘]
 The ploughboy's whistle[˘] and the milkmaid's song.—
 The scythe lies glittering[˘]— in the dewy wreath[˘]
 Of tedded grass,[˘]— mingled with faded flowers,[˘]
 That yesternorn[˘] bloom'd[˘] waving in the breeze.
 Sounds[˘] the most faint[˘] attract the ear[˘]—the hum[˘]
 Of early bee[˘] the trickling of the dew,[˘]
 The distant bleating[˘] midway up the hill.—
 Calmness sits throned[˘]— on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders[˘] o'er the upland leas,[˘]
 The blackbird's note[˘] comes mellow from the dale ;
 And sweeter from the sky[˘] the gladsome lark[˘]
 Warbles his heav'n-tuned song ; the lulling brook[˘]
 Murmurs more gently[˘] down the deep-worn glen ;

While from yon roof— whose curling smoke—
 O'ermounts the mist— is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms— the simple song of praise.

A rest, or slight suspension of voice, at the end of each line, is essential to the rhythmical reading of all verse : it can never be omitted except in the delivery of

DRAMATIC POETRY ;

in which, the suspension at the close of each line must not be allowed to interrupt the flow of language and feeling. The great object of dramatic poetry is the natural and powerful expression of passion ; this is the grace paramount, to which all others must bend, and which must not be sacrificed to any minor embellishments. It is true, the verse in which that passionate expression is clothed lends it dignity and grace, and therefore, even on the stage, *rhythm* and *metre* must be preserved in delivery : but it must be done easily and without pedantry or apparent effort. For he would make but a poor impression on the heart, who, in an overwhelming burst of passion, should stop to note a cæsural pause, or the rest which, in ordinary poetical reading, marks the close of the line. If he be an artist, a correct ear and good taste will prevent the actor wantonly destroying the poet's rhythm ; judgment will guide him in passages where he may, with propriety and grace, linger on the melody of the lines ; while the power of truthful feeling and passionate enthusiasm, will exalt him above the trammels

of ordinary rule which would tame his imagination, and fetter his energies.

This much is all that I have thought necessary to remark on the subject of the delivery of *dramatic poetry*. Its further study, with constant and patient practice, added to a good ear, a cultivated voice, and a taste refined by reading and education, is requisite to the actor. What I have here incidentally observed is sufficient for the orator, the scholar, and the unprofessional reader, aiming at an elegant style of Elocution.

2. MELODY and CADENCE are requisite to give finish to rhythmical Elocution.

Melody and Cadence are graces arising from the arrangement and variation of pitch by inflection of voice.

Read aloud, as marked, the following

EXAMPLE.

On her white breast[~] a sparkling cross she wore[~]
Which Jews might kiss[~] and infidels adore.

Experiment will convince the reader that no other arrangement of inflections on these lines, can produce a melody equal to that which is here given. That *melody* pervades both verses: in the closing line of the sense, I call it *cadence*, for *cadence* is the *consummation* or *close* of a melody.

This melody is produced by *alternation of inflection*: the *cadence* marked in the second line of the couplet is distinguish-

ed as the HARMONIC CADENCE;* it is formed by the introduction of two intermediate rising inflections of a *third* and *fifth*, between two falling inflections: the melody of the first line is composed of a similar alternation of inflection, with the variation of a rising inflection to mark the suspension of sense, at the termination of the line.

The introduction of this melody and cadence, where the sense will admit of it, lends additional music to the rhythm: but they must not be used to supersede just inflection or Emphasis required by the sense: for the melody must never be permitted to destroy the force of the line. Nor must this cadence be too frequently resorted to, or it will give a *sing-song* sameness to the reading—tiresome and unmeaning.

It is to be observed that the inflections of the voice, in the reading of verse, are not to be marked so strongly, or, as I may say, so *angularly*, as in prose-reading. Smoothness, and an easy, flowing style, are to be cultivated; and, therefore, the inflections must be, as it were, rounded and polished; so that the voice shall not leap, but gently undulate from tone to tone, and float along in an unbroken stream of sound.

A great fault in the reading of verse, is the too strongly marking, or, as I call it, *hammering* the rhyme: this is destructive of melody, and has a most displeasing effect on the ear. To avoid it, we must

* The harmonic cadence may be used with grace in prose-declamation, as well as in verse; when the passage does not demand any particular force, as:

I shall content myself with wishing[~] that I may be one of those[~] whose follies may cease with their youth[~] and not of that number[~] who are ignorant[~] in spite of experience.—*Johns.*

keep the voice suspended, avoiding a frequent recurrence of the falling inflection at the close of the line, except where the close of the sense, too, demands it. Otherwise we shall fall into that methodical, alternate, closing rise and fall, which deprives rhythmical Elocution of all variety and grace.

Pope's lines are good practice for melodious reading: for he frequently suspends the sense through several successive lines, and, so, affords opportunity for variety of inflection and cadence. I therefore give (marked,) a passage extracted from his *Essay on Man*.

HAPPINESS.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!—
 Good, pleasure, ease, content!— whate'er thy name—
 That something, still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise;
 Plant of celestial seed!— if dropp'd below,
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,

'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, dwells, my friend, with thee.

It is not within the scope of this work to analyse the different rhythms and metres used in versification : but for the convenience of the reader, the Practice at the end of this Division contains extracts in a variety of rhythm ; by exercise on which, in accordance with the preceding rules and directions, he may acquire an elegant and easy style of rhythmical Elocution.

We now proceed to

EXPRESSION.

Expression is the modulating or regulating the organ of the voice to tones of gentleness or force, according to the nature and degree of feeling, or passion expressed in words. Expression is the natural language of emotion. It is, in Elocution, to a certain extent, a vocal imitation of passion. But this must be done without "aggravating the voice" (as Bottom has it). It is a grace which requires the nicest management ; and cannot be achieved but with the best cultivation of *ear* and *voice* ; in order to catch and re-echo the tones of the heart to the ears and hearts of others. It depends mainly upon *pitch* of voice, and the expression of each different feeling has its appropriate pitch.*

* Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, thus quaintly writes, touching the matter of pitch of voice :

"Where a matter is spoken with an apte voyce for every affection, the hearers, for the most part, are moved as the

Expression therefore is a refinement on Intonation : they go hand in hand : we cannot think of the one without the other. Intonation gives the voice volume and power ; expression uses and adapts it to the feeling of the moment.

Even monotone has its expression.

MONOTONE

is intonation without change of pitch : that is, preserving a fullness of tone, without ascent or descent on the scale.

THE EXPRESSION OF MONOTONE.

It expresses *repose* of feeling or scene—the *calm* confidence of power—*vastness* of thought—*veneration*—and the over-awing *sublimity* of grandeur.

But it must not be listless, vapid, soulless monotone ; it must be a deep, swelling, *crescendo* monotone, speaking as it were from the recesses of the heart ; as,



Calm - ness sits throned on yon un - mo - ving cloud.

speaker would ; but when a man is always in one tone, like a humble-bee, or else now in the top of the church, now downe that no man knoweth where to have him ; or piping like a reede, or roaring like a bull, as some lawyers do, which thinke they do best when they cry loudest ; these shall never move, as I know many well-learned have done, because theyr voyces were not stayed afore, with learninge to singe. For all voyces, great and small, base and shrill, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learninge to singe.”

H

It requires practice ; and the practice of monotone tends essentially to the improvement of intonation.

The sign of monotone is an even line or mark (denoting an even tone of voice) over the words to be spoken without inflection : but mark,—the sound must swell and gather volume as it proceeds.

EXERCISE ON MONOTONE.

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric[~] of this vision[~]—
The cloud-capp'd towers[~] the gorgeous palaces[~]
The solemn temples[~] the great globe itself[~]—
Yea,[~] all which it inherit[~] shall dissolve[~]—
And like this unsubstantial pageant[~] faded[~]—
Leave not a rack[~] behind.

Shake.

The following passage from Talfourd's classical tragedy of *Ion* is also good practice in the Intonation of Monotone.

Commence on a deep, full tone.

Ye eldest Gods,
Who in no statues of exactest form
Are palpable ; who shun the azure heights
Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy ;
Yet[~] mindful of the empire which ye held
Over dim Chaos,[~] keep revengeful wrath

On falling nations, and on kingly lines
 About to sink for ever; ye, who shed
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood
 And their fierce usages the sense of justice;
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
 Thro' the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt
 Portents of ruin,—hear me! In your presence,
 For now I feel you nigh, I dedicate
 This arm to the destruction of the king
 And of his race! O keep me pitiless!
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,
 That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
 Should feel its point; and if he has a child
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
 My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!

PITCH OF VOICE.

Expression, as I have said, depends chiefly upon pitch of voice.

We all know that the tones of the voice vary considerably, according to the affection of mind or passion under which a person speaks. We see this daily in nature—we hear a man give a command in one tone, and make an entreaty or ask a favor in another: his voice grows sharper and shriller in rage, and softer and more liquid in tenderness and affection: the voice

is light and rapid in pleasure,—low, moaning, and broken in grief,—dull and heavy in pain,—cracked, wild, and shrieking in despair. The voice of *deep passion*,—sorrow, love, woe, remorse, pity, &c.—is seated in the *chest*, (*voce di petto*), and its pitch is *low*: while that of more *impulsive passion*, as rage, delight, triumph, &c. is high in pitch, and partakes of the quality of the head voice—(*voce di testa*). It is on our power to command our voice at will to any pitch, that we must rely for vocal expression: that is, the adaptation of tone to sentiment and passion.


Pitch is quite distinct from *force*; by which, however, its effect may be aided and increased.

The pitch of the speaking voice may be divided into

MIDDLE PITCH,
HIGH PITCH,
LOW PITCH.

By *middle*, or *mean* pitch, I intend the ordinary pitch of voice, as used in common conversation, unmarked by passion. That pitch varies according to the quality or character of the individual voice, whether it be *soprano*, *tenor*, or *bass*.

Suppose, for example, the natural key of any voice to be B \flat , and the prevailing tone of its ordinary

speech to be , the middle pitch of that voice

may be considered to extend a *third above* and a *third below* that tone: and so of any other prevailing tone of any voice.

Above and below the range of the middle pitch, are the *high* and *low* pitch respectively. Low pitch may be said to be a third below the mean pitch; and high pitch, a third above it: so that where middle pitch *ascending* ends, high pitch begins; where middle pitch *descending* ends, low pitch begins: the range of each, high or low, depending of course on the compass of the speaker's voice.

These are the clearest and most distinct *indicia* that I am able to give for the regulation of pitch on the speaking voice.

Now each of these three pitches,—the *middle*, the *high*, and the *low*,—has its appropriate sphere of use or expression.

1. THE MIDDLE is the proper pitch for *narration*, *description*, (when not particularly animated,) *statement*, and *moral reflection*, or *calm reasoning*.

Such a poetical description as the following, for example, requires only middle pitch.

EXERCISE ON MIDDLE PITCH.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, or pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon it, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air; thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Shaks.

Again, such a passage as the following requires, for the most part, with some variation, only *middle pitch*; but the delivery should be energetic and forceful:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his foot-steps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well:
 For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
 High tho' his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

Scott.

In fine, for all passages where there is no passion expressed, or which are not marked by strong excitement, or impetuosity of feeling,—or are not descriptive of stirring action, the middle pitch is in general sufficient.

2. **HIGH PITCH** is the representative of elevated feeling, and impetuous, impulsive passion: *joy, exultation, rage, invective, threat, eagerness*, all speak naturally in high pitch: it is also proper to *stirring description*, or *animated narration*.

It is the proper pitch for such a passage as the following,—the buoyant, joyous feeling of which is best expressed by the light and sparkling tones of high pitch.

EXERCISE ON HIGH PITCH.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand ;
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Shaks.

And the following picture of Cheerfulness requires high pitch, and a light and brisk articulation, to harmonise with its airy and elastic effect :

But oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung :
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their allies green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Collins.

The lofty enthusiasm of the aspiring *Hotspur*, in the well-known speech which follows, is also best expressed in the *high pitch*, (with a variation, for effect, to *low pitch* in the fourth line.)

By heavens ! methinks it were an easy leap
 To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon ;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honor by the locks ;
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
 Without corrival all her dignities ;—
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Shaks.

3. **LOW PITCH** is the natural expression of *deep-seated feeling and concentrated passion*, nursed darkly in the inmost recesses of the heart: it is the tone of *grief,—suppressed rage,—brooding thought,—very solemn reflection,—melancholy,—hate,—remorse*; and also, in its softest and deepest expression, of *love and veneration*.

EXERCISE ON LOW PITCH.

With woful measures[˘] wan Despair,—
 Low[˘] sullen sounds[˘] his grief beguiled[˘]—
 A solemn[˘] strange[˘] and mingled[˘] air. —

Collins.

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
 Abuse the curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.

Shaks.

Oh! now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Shaks.

Now it is on the change and variation of these several pitches that an orator or an actor must depend for power of expression ; and the greater the facility with which he can make his transitions from pitch to pitch, the greater will be his effect on his audience. For there are many passages in vehement oratory, poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, that require rapid and frequent transitions from high pitch to low, and run through every variety of tone.

ENERGY, OR FORCE.

Intimately allied to expression, is *energy*, or *force*.

As Expression is variety of Intonation, Energy may be called the *Emphasis of Expression*. It is the life, the soul, the animating spirit. Without it, the speaker may be correct, and even agreeable, by a due observance of rule ; but if he lack *energy*, he will be listened to without interest ; his voice will fall powerless on the ear, and neither "awake the senses," nor "stir the blood."

Energy, it is true, depends somewhat on individual temperament and constitution. But even where natural or physical energy is deficient, an *energetic manner* may be acquired by practice and exercise under judicious direction ; just as the muscular powers may be improved, and bodily vigor increased, even in a feeble frame, under a course of training and well-regulated exercise.

The first requisite, in order to create an interest in others, is to feel, or at least to exhibit, an earnestness ourselves. We must *be in earnest*. Between the ora-

H*

tor and his auditory, there is a certain involuntary sympathy communicated from one to the other. If he be himself animated and energetic, his audience soon acknowledge a kindred spirit ; if, on the contrary, he be cold, they catch the infection ; if he be tame, they are apathetic ; if he be spiritless, they are listless ; their torpor again re-acts upon him, and both orator and audience sleep together.

Energy quickens and infuses life into the style : it warms, it revivifies with its touch. It adds a brisker movement to the voice : it flushes the cheek, it lights the eye, it animates the frame ; and passing like an electric spark from speaker to audience, it enkindles in them a sympathetic spirit, it arouses their enthusiasm, it takes possession of their hearts, and places their feelings, their reason, and their will, in the hands of him whose power has agitated the recesses of their souls.

FORCE is, after pitch, the next constituent of Expression : and the increasing or diminishing the amount of force on any passage is a matter requiring nice taste, and artistical execution, in governing the voice to *forte* (loud), and *piano* (soft).

TIME,

The last constituent of Expression is—*Time*. The time, that is, the rapidity or slowness of our delivery, must accord with the character of the feeling or passion expressed,—whether impetuous or concentrated ;—of the action, or scene described,—whether stirring or tranquil ;—or of the sentiment that pervades the

language,—whether it be elevated, impulsive, glowing, or deep, solemn, and enduring. For, different sentiments and passions, as they use different *pitch*, also speak in different *time*: the utterance of grief is slow and heavy; while that of hope and joy is light, bounding, and rapid. Again, the rush of an impetuous torrent, roaring and bursting over the plains, destroying vegetation, tearing up trees, carrying away cottages, in its resistless course, must be *painted*, as it were, to the ear, not only by appropriate pitch and force, but by a rapidity of utterance whose *time* shall be in keeping with the sweeping destruction described: while the placid flow of a gentle river, calmly gliding between its flower-spangled banks, amid a landscape of richest verdure, whose unbroken silence, and golden smile, caught from the rays of the setting sun, breathe the quiet happiness of content and peace,—this requires to be painted by a *slow* and even movement of the voice,—whose *time* shall accord with the tranquillity of the scene, and allow the hearer to dwell on the placid picture before him.

As an illustration, continuing the speech of Brutus, which we have already commenced as an Exercise on Intonation, we proceed thus:

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love;

joy for his fortune; honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Such is the correct *pausing*, and such the just, and even forcible *inflection* and *emphasis* on this passage. But it wants much more, before it can be *perfectly* delivered: it wants *expression*: for it is clear that "*weeping*," "*rejoicing*," and "*slaying*," result from very different and opposite affections or passions of the mind; and this change in sentiment must be indicated by a correspondent transition in the *pitch*, and variation in *force* and *time* of delivery.

To denote the varieties and changes of these three constituents of Expression, I must employ the following signs and terms:

FOR PITCH,—

TERM.	SIGN.
Middle Pitch.....	μ or π ,
Low Pitch.....	β or δ ,
High Pitch.....	α or α .

FOR FORCE,—

It will be necessary to use terms denoting the following

DYNAMICS, OR POWERS OF SOUND.

Term	Sign	Explanation.	How, or for what to be used.
piano	<i>p.</i>	softly	With a soft tone, expressive of calmness, gentleness, mildness, &c.
pianissimo	<i>pp.</i>	very softly . . .	<i>increased</i> expression of tenderness, &c.
forte	<i>f.</i>	loud	the reverse of the above ; a loud powerful tone.
mezzo forte	<i>m.f.</i>	rather loud.	
fortissimo	<i>ff.</i>	very loud . . .	<i>increased</i> expression.
crescendo	<	increasing . .	swelling the volume of voice.
diminuendo	>	diminishing . .	reducing the volume.
forzando	<i>fz.</i>	bursting	explosive, with a burst of sound.
staccato	' ' '	beating	with short and distinct strokes of sound ; to be used in rapid and energetic delivery.
legato (the reverse of <i>staccato</i> .)	<i>leg.</i>	connected or smoothly . .	a smooth, even flow of tone, proper for the delivery of unimpassioned verse.

The following terms denote the character of the *expression* proper to any passage :

affetuoso (*affo.*) with *emotion* : expressive of deep feeling.

dolce (*dol.*) *sweetly* : expressive of *tenderness*, *affection*, *pity*, &c.

maestoso with a grand, *majestic* expression, proper to solemn feeling.

con spirito (*con sp.*) . with *spirit* ; for *lively* expression.

con fuoco (*con fu.*) . with *fire* ; in an animated, energetic manner.

con anima (*con an.*) . with *soul* ; that is, with a *thrilling* expression of intense feeling.

TIME.

The following terms denote the *time*, or degree of rapidity or slowness of movement, to be adopted :

adagio.....very slow—for solemn delivery.
 allegro (allo.).....quick—for brisk, lively delivery.
 presto.....still quicker.
 andante.....middle time, and distinct.
 largo.....slowly, with *fullness of tone*.
 moderato.....in ordinary or middle time.
 retard.....slackening the time.
 accelerando.....quickenng the time.

Using these terms and abbreviations, the same passage will be thus marked for *expression*, in addition to the previous marks of *pause*, &c.

Largo p. p. affo. allo. m. f.

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune ; honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

In narration, what force, what reality can be given to description by a speaker who, as it were, throws himself into the scene, and by the vivacity and energy of his delivery brings the action graphically before your eyes, hurries you into the heat of it, and makes you feel as if personally engaged in what is so stirringly related to you.

As in that beautiful description, in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, of the gallant Prince Henry and his comrades armed for battle.

Andante, con spirito.
 All furnish'd, all in arms,
 Glitt'ring in golden coats like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And ^{And} gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Alto.
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
con anima.
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
doleo.
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds.
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship !

Unless this description, full of poetic imagination and coloring as it is, be delivered with warmth, *energy*, and the *pitch* or *tone* of enthusiasm, it will fall very short of its due impression ; and thus the poet will be deprived, by the speaker's coldness, of the full appreciation, by the hearer, of the exquisite beauty of the picture. The reader must catch the spirit of the language, in order to be a fit interpreter of the poet's conception ; as he proceeds, he must warm and kindle with the glowing coloring of the picture, till the finishing touch is given to it, in the closing, crowning line.

But the *force* of his elocution must be greatly increased, and the expression must become impassioned, and rise almost to *fierceness*, to produce the full effect of *Hotspur's* heroic and inspiring answer : which breathes the highest enthusiasm of confident and daring valor, undaunted resolution, and impatient thirst of glory.

HOTSPUR'S EAGERNESS FOR BATTLE.

^{allo.} ^{con fuoco.}
 Let them come !
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
^{so.} All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them !
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
^f ^{m.f.}
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
^{presto.}
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours ! Come, let me take my horse,
 Which is to bear me like a thunderbolt
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
^{staccato, f.}
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
^{retard.} ^{f.}
 Meet, — and ne'er part till one drop down a corse !

Thus we see that Pitch, Force, and Time constitute expression : united, with just discrimination and in perfect keeping, they reach the climax of the power of Elocution, the acme of its art,—PASSION.

The mimicry of Passion, by the simultaneous expression of voice, gesture, face, and attitude, is the Actor's study. It is not my design to form a theatrical style ; but it is desirable that the student should make himself master of certain tones and variations of expression, a judicious use of which will add much to the beauty and power of his declamation, and is, in fact, absolutely necessary to be attained before he can aspire to the high character of a perfect ORATOR.

With a view to assist him in this object, I have prepared the PRACTICE which follows.

PRACTICE

ON

THE THIRD DIVISION.

EXERCISE ON INTONATION.

PROSPERO'S INVOCATION.—SHAKS.

Begin in a deep tone, and gather force and volume in progressing.

Largo—maestoso.
33 YE Elves of hills, brooks, [<]standing lakes, and [<]groves;
 And ye ^{p. >}that on the sands with printless foot,
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
 By moonshine do the green, sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew: by whose aid,
 (Weak masters though ye be,) I have [<]bedimm'd
 The noon-tide sun,—^{f.}call'd forth the [<]mutinous winds,
 And [<]'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
 Set ^{f.}roaring war; to the dread ^{staccato. f.}rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and ^{fz.}rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the ^{acc. f.}strong-bas'd [<]promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs

^{f.}Pluck'd up the pine and cedar: [<]graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd and let them forth[~]
By my so potent art.

Transition to middle pitch and a softer tone :

^{f.}But [>]this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
^{dolce.}Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, [~]I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
³⁸ And [<]deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.—MILTON.

This being narrative, does not admit of so solemn
a tone as the preceding ;

^{A-dante-moderato.}
³⁹THE building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold.
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand.
^{m. f.}The feast and noise grew high; and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, ^{f.}high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad : before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot ; before him and behind,
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
 At sight of him, the people with a shout
 R^{f.}ifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd,
 All with incredible, stupendous force ;
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length, for intermission's sake, they led him
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,
 As over-tir'd, to let him lean awhile
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He, unsuspecting, led him ; which, when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclin'd,
 And eyes fast-fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd : |
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :
 " Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'

I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld:
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
r.o. l.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd:
 33 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
stacc.
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath;
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower,
 Met from all parts, to solemnise this feast, |
maestoso.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself!

2. EXERCISE ON RHYTHMICAL READING.

The object of the following exercise is practically to *school the ear* of the pupil to a just rhythmical pulsation of voice in the reading of verse: for that purpose, the accents are marked as a guide to the pupil for *pulsation* and *remission* of voice; he must also fill up the rhythm with proper *rests*.

BOADICEA.—COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke,
Full of rage, and full of grief.

“Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“Rome shall perish! write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin, as in guilt!

“Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark. the Gaul is at her gates!

“Other Romans shall arise,

Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame !

"Then, the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they !"

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,—
Dying, hurled them on the foe !

"Ruffians ! pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you !"

TO THE EAGLE.—PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heav'n,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driv'n.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light
Amid the noon-tide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea;

And away, like a spírit, wreathed in líght,
Thou hurriest wíld and free.

Thou hurriest óver the mýriad wáves,
And thou léavest them all behind.
Thou sweepest that place of únknown gráves,
Fleet as the témpet wínd.
When the níght storm gáthers díim and dárk,
With a shríll and bóding screám,
Thou rushest by the fóundering bárk,
Quick as a pássing dream.

Lórd of the boundless réalm of air,
In thy imperial náme,
The héarts of the bóld and ardent dáre
The dángerous páth of fáme.
Beneáth the sháde of thy gólden wíngs,
The Róman légions bóre
From the ríver of Égypt's clóudy spríngs,
Their prídé, to the pólar shóre.

For thee they fóught, for thee they féll,
And their oath was ón thee láid ;
To thee the clárigons ráised their swéll,
And the díying wárior práyed.
Thou wert thro' an áge of déath and féars,
The ímage of prídé and pówer ;

Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave.
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
“O'er the dark mysterious sea ;
To the lands that caught the setting light—
The cradle of Liberty !
There on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watch'd alone ;
And the world in its darkness asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

“But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,

And úp to heav'n, like a jóyous lark,
My quívering pínyons bóre.

"And nów that bóld and hárdy féw
Are a nátion wíde and stróng;
And d'anger and dóub't I have lé'd them thróugh,
And they wórship me in s'ong;
And óver their bríght and gl'ancing árms,
On fíeld, and láke, and sea,
With an éye that fíres, and a spell that charms,
I guíde them to víctory!"

SPRING.—N. P. WILLIS.

THE spríng is hére, the délicate-footed Máy,
With its slíght fíngers fúll of léaves and fl'owers;
And wíth it cómes a thírst to be áway,
Wásting in wóod-paths its volúptuous hóurs;
A féeling that is líke a s'ense of wíngs,
Réstless to sóar ábove these périshing thín'gs.

We páss out from the cíty's féverish húm,
To fínd refreshment in the sílent wóods;
And náture, that is béautíful and dúmb,
Like a cóol sléep up the púlses broóds;
Yét, even thére, a r'éstless thóught wíll stéal,
To téach the índolent héart it stíll must féel

Stránge that the áudible stíllness of the noon,
 The wátters trípping with their sílver féet,
 The túrning to the líght of leáves in Júné,
 And the líght whísper as their édges méet,—
 Stránge that they fíll not with their tranqúil tóne,
 The spírít wálking in their mídst, álone !

There is nó contentment in a wórld líke thís,
 Sáve in fórgétting the ímmórtal dréam ;
 We máy not gáze úpon the stárs of blís,
 That thróugh the clóud-rífts rádíantly stréam ;
 Bírð-líke, the prísón'd sóul *wíll* líft íts éye,
 And píne, tíll ít ís hóoded fróm the ský !

THE CLIME OF THE EAST.—BYRON.

KNÓW ye the lánd where the cýpress and myrtle
 Are émbles of déeds that are dóné in their clíme,
 Where the ráge of the vulture, the love of the túrtle
 Now mélt ínto sórrów, now mádden to críme ?
 KNÓW ye the lánd of the cedar and víne
 Where the flówers ever blóssóm, the leáves ever shíne ;
 Where the líght wíngs of zéphyr, opprés's'd with perfúme,
 Wáx fáint ó'er the gárdens of Gul* in her blóóm ;
 Where the cítron and ólive are fáírest of frúit,

* Gul, *the Rose*.

And the voice of the níghtingale néver is múte ;
 Where the túnts of the éarth and the húes of the ský,
 In cólor though váried, in béauty may víe,
 And the púrple of Ócean is déepest in dýe ;
 Where the vírgins are sóft as the roses they twíne,
 And ál, save the spírít of man, is dívíne ?
 'Tis the clíme of the Eást,—'tis the lánd of the sún !
 Can he smíle on such déeds as his chíldren have dóne ?
 Oh ! wíld as the áccents of lovers' farewél,
 Are the héarts which they béar, and the táles which they téll.

The exercise in *Intonation* serves also for an exercise in *Blank Verse* ; and the next Exercise contains some other varieties of metrical arrangement.

3. EXERCISE IN EXPRESSION.

I have chosen the following well-known and beautiful ode, as the vehicle of instruction, and as a particular Exercise in Expression, although quite familiar to the reader, as a composition,—because it affords great scope for transition of *pitch*, variation of *force*, and change of *time*, in accordance with the varied action and quality of the personification of each individual *passion*. It is in these transitions and variations that the main beauty of the ode lies ; and on the marking of them distinctly, depends the effect in delivery.

The ode is also a good practice in *rhythmical reading*, from the variety as well as polish of the versification.

- The pupil will carefully note the short analysis of the expression of each passion, and the marginal directions as to *tone* and *time* due to each particular passage.

THE PASSIONS—AN ODE.—COLLINS.

INTRODUCTION, OR PRELUDE.

DIRECTIONS.
Begin calmly,
smoothly, and
in moderate
time, and mid-
dle pitch.

The tone and
time must here
change, and be
varied to ex-
press the diffe-
rent emotions
described.

This must be
rapid, to ex-
press the sud-
denness of the
action.

In ordinary
time.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young

Ere yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

Throng'd around her magic cell ;

f. a p. m f. a < p. > b
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,

m. f. m
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,

By turns they felt the glowing mind,

Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;

f. s.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,

con fuoco. f.
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

presto.
From the supporting myrtles round,

They snatch her instruments of sound,

p.
And, as they oft had heard apart,

dolce.
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

wildly f. a
Each,—for madness rul'd the hour—

m. mod.
Would prove his own expressive power.

1. FEAR.

Fear deprives the voice of its power ; the tone becomes thin and feeble, and the utterance (when the

passion is highly-wrought) tremulous, indistinct, and broken.

Slowly, & with hesitation. { ^{*sfz*} First Fear, ^{*p.*} his hand, ^{*p.*} its skill to try,
 Amid the chords ^{*p.*}—bewilder'd laid;
^{*presto.*} And back recoil'd, ^{*fz.*}—he knew not why,—
^{*legro p.*} E'en at the sound himself had made!

2. ANGER.

Anger is high in *pitch*, loud, and quick in the *time* of its utterance; and the words do not flow, but burst out in sudden starts, indicative of the rashness of passion.

This is distinct from the expression of dignified anger, just severity, and reproof, which is solemn and measured in its delivery, and low in pitch.

Loudly & hurriedly, with impetuous bursts of sound. { ^{*allegro. con fuoco. fz.*} Next Anger rush'd, ^{*<*} his eyes on fire, ^{*>*}
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
^{*fz.*} In one rude clash ^{*fz.*} he struck the lyre, ^{*staccato*}
^{*fz.*} And swept ^{*presto.*} with hurried hand the strings.

3. DESPAIR.

Despair vents itself in a low, moaning tone; till it reaches its wildest paroxysm, when it is cracked and shrieking. Both shades of expression are beautifully and distinctly individualized by the poet in the descriptive verses.

In a "low, sullen tone;" monotonous, with deep pitch.

largo e maestoso. 36
 With woful measures^m wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
p. 33 'Twas sad by fits, *presto. f. 34* by starts 'twas wild !

Contrast.....

4. HOPE.

The expression of Hope is in direct contrast with that of Despair; lively, animated, joyous; in rather a high pitch of voice, but at the same time sweet and flowing.

Mark the transition from the preceding passion by change of tone & time; and as the feeling grows, let the voice swell and increase in volume.

Allo. con spirito.
 But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
legato.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the [<]rocks, the [<]woods, the [<]vale,
 She call'd on Echo still^m through all the song ;
 And [>]where her sweetest theme she chose,
dolce.
 A soft responsive voice^m was heard at every
 close ;
con anim.
 And Hope enchanted, smil'd,^m and wav'd her
 golden hair !

5. REVENGE.—6. PITY.

The features of Revenge are of the same family as Anger ; but bolder, stronger, and more highly colored.

The tone must be fiercer, harsher, and more concentrated than mere Anger. Revenge, when most intense, speaks between the set teeth ; and utters its denunciations in a hoarse, guttural voice ; and with fitful bursts of passion.

PITY, on the contrary, speaks in a low, soft, and gentle tone of voice ; but full and flowing, as from the exuberance of a warm heart.

The transition from the calm joyousness of Hope, to the fierce excitement of Revenge, must be marked by the assumption of a deeper and a louder tone, and an impetuous utterance.

And longer had she sung—^{presto}but, with a frown,
^{sfz.}Revenge^m impatient rose ;
^{alfo. f.}He threw his blood-stain'd sword in ^{f.}thunder
 down,

^{f.}And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing ^{sfz.}trumpet took ;

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

^{retard.}Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of ^{maestoso.}woe, ^{sostenuto.}

^{presto.}And ever and anon, he beat ^{staccato f.}

The doubling drum with furious heat ;

^{retard.}And though sometimes, ^{largo maestoso.}each dreary pause
 between,—

Dejected Pity, at his side,

^{affo. legato. dol.}Her soul-subduing voice applied,

^{presto. f.}Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,

^{stacc'o. f.}While each strained ball of sight^m seem'd
^{sfz.}bursting from his head !

Mark the change to the gentle & tender tone of Pity.

Return to the rapid movement & fierce utterance of Revenge.

7. JEALOUSY.

Jealousy has a changeful tone, varying as it yields to *love* or *hate*; sometimes indulging in the tenderness of affection, at others venting itself in all the harshness and bitterness of revenge. The poet has well distinguished these two different phases of the passion.

Begin in a low tone, & slowly; changing, according to the alternation of feeling described.

fz *largo p.* Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
33 *mae-toso.* Sad proof of thy distressful state—
presto. m. f. Of differing themes, the veering song was mix'd,
fz *p. retard* *affo. dolce.* And now it courted Love, *f.* *a* *—* *f.* now raving called
 on Hate!

8. MELANCHOLY.

The voice of Melancholy is low in *tone*, soft, mel-low, and slow in utterance.

Mark the gentleness of the passion by a smooth, flowing delivery, and rather deep tone.

33 *largo p.* With eyes up-rai's'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd—
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat
fz In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
a *alfo. dolce. m. f.* And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;

A lighter tone & movement.

In the present instance, the passion receives additional force and impulse from its union with

11. LOVE,—AND 12. MIRTH ;

the expression proper to which, (forming, as does the combination of *Love*, *Joy*, and *Mirth*, the most exquisite of all earthly felicity,—that is, the perfect enjoyment of *happy love*,) must be of the most animated, *spiritual*, and enthusiastic kind : it must be *all soul* !

Indicate the transition from Melancholy to Cheerfulness, by a *higher* pitch and a *brisker* utterance.

Allo. m. f.

But oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,~

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,~

Blew an ^{inspiring} air that dale and thicket
rung :~

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.

The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed

Queen,

Satyr and sylvan boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their allies green ;~

Express the briskness of the action of Sport & Exercise by a *quicker* time, and a *stronger* utterance.

Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,

presto. f.
And Sport leap'd up~ and seiz'd his beechen
spear. |

Heighten the expression of Cheerfulness to a fuller and richer tone, and even more lively and enthusi-

allo—con anima—dolce.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,~

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,~

astic delivery, increasing, as the descriptive verses glow, & the picture is heightened in colouring and effect by the introduction of *Love and Mirth*, whose appearance on the scene must be marked by still greater expression of tone.

But soon he saw the brisk, awak'ning viol,
f. Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best
legato. They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
presto f. While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
dolce. Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
con fuoco. And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook [<]thousand odors from his dewy wings !

ENERGETIC EXPRESSION.—THREATENING.

(See ANGER, REVENGE.)

HENRY V. BEFORE THE GATES OF HARFLEUR.

SHAKS.

How yet resolves the Governor of the town ?—
 This is the latest parle we will admit ;
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or like to men, proud of destruction,
 Defy us to the worst ! for, as I am a soldier,
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,)
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achiev'd Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried !
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
And the flush'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
Mowing like grass
Your fresh, fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants !
Therefore, ye men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command !
If not, why in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters :
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls !
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes :
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds ;—as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen !—
How say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?

THE DYING GLADIATOR.—BYRON.

This concluding extract from *Childe Harold*, affords an opportunity, in a short space, for great variety and quick transition of tone, in accordance with the change of Expression from *Pity* to *Indignation*, mounting to *Revenge*. The pupil will find the key to the correct expression of these changing feelings in the remarks on Collins's Ode to the Passions,—which I design as a *key* to Expression in general.

In the present instance, I have also marked the pauses which are necessary to be observed ; they add much to the effect of the passage.

Commence in a deep tone, and slowly.

33 adagio p.

I see before me^m the Gladiator lie : |

He leans upon his hand,^m his ^{p.}manly brow .

Consents to death,^m but conquers agony,^{f.}

And his droop'd head^{p.} sinks^m gradually^m low,^m

And through his side^m the last drops,^{retard.} ebbing slow^m

From the red gash,^m fall heavy^m one by one,^m

Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now^m

The arena ^{swims} around him ;^m he is gone,^{p.}

Ere ceas'd the ^{f.}inhuman shout^m which hail'd the wretch
who won.

andante
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes^m

acc. d. il.
Were with his heart,^m and that was far away ;^m

He reck'd^{f.} not of the life he lost, or prize,^m

But^{p.} where his rude hut by the Danube lay,^m

There were his young barbarians^m all at play,^m

acc. p. There was their Dacian mother—he ^{con. an.}their sire^{f.}

f. f.
Butcher'd^m to make a Roman holiday ! |

legato p. All this rush'd with his blood——. ^{pr. eto f.} Shall he expire,^m

And unaveng'd ?^{f.} Arise ! ye Goths ! and glut your ire !

GESTURE, AND VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

I know of no means of teaching Gesture by *written instructions* ; nor do I think that much assistance can be gathered from *plates of figures* representing different actions and attitudes. *Austin's Chironomia* was the first work that attempted this, and the book is not without advantage to a professor, or to one who has made some progress, by practice under good tuition, in giving force to an oration by certain well-regulated and appropriate gestures, or in the expression of the passions by the action of the face and the attitude of the body. Austin has been followed by a crowd of copyists, who have adopted his *plates* and *figures*, but whose instructions appear to me to tend rather to give the pupil a stiff and constrained style of gesticulation, than to invest him with that easy and graceful action, and powerful but unexaggerated attitude, which alone are pleasing and effective in the orator or the actor.

The first point to be aimed at, as the foundation of a good style of gesture, is a natural and easy *carriage* of the body,—erect, not stiff,—but firm, manly, and free. This is a thing, unfortunately, too much neglected in education generally: the *drill-sergeant* will be found of use in helping us to this; and the *dancing-master's* assistance is also of service. Not that we are to aim at the stiff and measured *professional* step of the soldier, or the *mincing gait* of a

maitre-de-danse ; we must avoid the extreme of each ; a manly and graceful carriage lies between the two.

An excellent exercise both for voice and health,—one that will both improve the strength of the lungs and the carriage of the body, is to *walk* and *speak aloud* at the same time ; a task which at first will appear difficult and tiresome, but by practice,—carefully observing the rules which I have laid down for *pause* and *inspiration*, to supply expended breath,—will become easy ; and I answer for it, that the voice will be by this means much increased in strength, the carriage of the body improved, and the *health of the lungs* greatly promoted. I recommend any person whose profession calls on him to speak loud and long,—either in the Pulpit, the Senate, at the Bar, or in the Lecture-Room,—to make frequent trial of this exercise. Let him take Brutus's speech, for example, particularly observing the *pauses* as I have marked them ; let him commence, the first day, by *walking slowly* while he recites aloud with the proper *inflections*, &c., but *not* with *too great an effort of voice*, as much of the speech as is so marked, (p. 148.) Let him continue this exercise daily, *gradually* increasing in exertion of voice, and rapidity of walk, and I will undertake that, in a very short time, (provided there be no disease in his lungs,) he shall be able not only to execute the whole of that speech while walking in the open air, but that he shall be able at length to speak it *clearly, distinctly*, and *forcibly*, while *running gently up-hill*.

This exercise will also, infallibly, tend to the im-

provement of his *general carriage* ; for, the effort of speaking whilst walking will compel him, instinctively, to *hold his body straight* and to *expand his chest*, for the more easy delivery of his voice, which cannot have fair play with a *stooping body* or *rounded shoulders*. To speak well, *easily*, and *powerfully*, the *body* must be *erect*, the chest *expanded*, the legs firmly set under the hips, to support the body, and form a good *fulcrum* for the efforts of the voice.

And this is the first step towards *Gesture*.

The next is to acquire an easy and free use of the *arms* ; and a pliancy of *wrist*. In this, the *fencing-master* is the best assistant. His practice will correct the prevailing awkwardness of gesture which consists in keeping the elbows *glued*, (if I may say so,) to the side ; and working the arm in a continued *angular* movement, most unsightly, and utterly irreconcilable with power or grace of action.

Next, let the speaker always bear in mind, that the object of gesture is to assist or enforce the words which it accompanies. Gesture is, in fact, the ally of speech. Its province is to second the voice. "*Action and utterance*" go together : Shakspeare has so placed them ; and the action must be akin to the utterance ; the gesture must be relative to the words. Gesture, therefore, must not be vague, unmeaning, motionless ; or it will be a mere "sawing of the air." It must have *purport* and *force* ; it must be, as it were, an animated comment on the text which it accompanies.

To effect this, the following hints may be of some service in guiding the young speaker to a correct and

pleasing system of action ; at the same time, I must repeat, it is next to impossible to teach gesture by written instructions : three practical lessons with a good and experienced professor will do more towards giving the pupil *ease*, *grace*, and *force* of action, than all the *books* and *plates* in the world. My own pupils have found some aid from the following

Sketch of a System of Gesture.

ALL GESTURE is

- ACTIVE (or passionate)—*i. e.* dictated by, and expressing the *action*, or *affection* of the *speaker's mind* ; or,
 DEMONSTRATIVE (or descriptive)—of some *object*, *action*, or *scene* spoken of or referred to.

GESTURE is made up of

1. POSITION of the BODY, which must be properly balanced and firmly fixed, whether *advanced* (adv.) or *retired* (ret.)—that is, *at rest*.
2. The FORM of the HAND, which defines the *nature* of the gesture.
3. The POSITION or *direction* of the ARM ; and,
4. The MOTION of the ARM—which defines the *extent* and *limit* of the gesture.
5. The STROKE or BEAT from the WRIST—which (being made on the emphatic word or expression, or the one to which the gesture, if descriptive, refers,) finishes and *perfects* the action.

EXPRESSION OF FACE.

Nor should the FACE and EYE be silent, or idle : they must assist the gesture and movement of *body*, *arm*, *hand*, by a corresponding *expression*,—whether of *inquiry* or *denial*,—*calmness* or *excitement*,—*sorrow*, *joy*, *triumph*, *scorn*, *defiance*, *pity*, *anger*, &c. It is the harmonious combination and expression of the WHOLE MAN that make powerful and graceful gesture.

ATTITUDE is the extravagance or exaggeration of gesture, under the most powerful excitement of PASSION ; its study and practice belong to the *Actor*, and are therefore not introduced here.

TABLE OF GESTURE.

SIGN.	FORM OF THE HAND.	USE, OR EXPRESSION.
n.	<i>Natural</i> —(the form in which the hand is held out to shake hands)...	Used in <i>addressing, appealing to, exhorting, entreating, representing.</i>
p.	<i>Prone</i> —the reverse of the <i>natural</i> hand....	<i>Forbidding, rejecting, denying, abjuring, commanding, crushing, destroying.</i>
s.	<i>Supine</i> —the <i>natural</i> hand in <i>tension</i>	This form is a stronger expression of the <i>natural</i> hand, for <i>force</i> .
cl.	<i>Closed, or clenched</i> ...	Used only in <i>strong passion</i> : or as a descriptive gesture of <i>extraordinary force</i> .
i.	<i>Index</i> finger, <i>marking</i> or <i>pointing</i> (the other fingers being closed).	<i>Advising, arguing, instructing, impressing, warning, pointing, marking, reproving.</i>
L.	<i>Left hand</i>	Used occasionally for variety.
B.	<i>Both hands</i>	Used in <i>addressing large assemblies, or in violent feeling; or extended action</i> (descriptive.)
cls.	<i>Clasped</i>	In <i>prayer</i> .

POSITION OF THE ARM.

e. elevated.	o. oblique.	z. zenith.
f. forwards.	h. horizontal.	fo. folded.
d. downwards.	v. vertical.	cr. crossed.
u. upwards.	x. extended.	k. akimbo.

NOTE.—The position of the arm is regulated according to the situation (*above* or *below* the speaker) of those addressed.—or *elevation* or *depression* of the *feeling* expressed, or *object* described.

MOTION OF THE ARM.

a. ascending.	fl. flourish— "triumph."	in. inwards.
d. descending.	tr. trembling.	w. waving.
b. beating.	sp. spreading.	gr. grasping.
c. circle— "crowning."	ou. outwards.	st. striking.

NOTE.—The motion of the arm, by its *direction* and *rapidity*, expresses the *triumph*, or *depression*, or *energy* of the orator's *feelings*, or the *position* of the *object* described.

REMARKS.

The initial letters enable the student or speaker to mark, in a written speech, any gestures he may think appropriate: thus, **B. n. h. f. w.** would signify, *Both hands natural, horizontal, forwards, waving*—the proper gesture for such words as, "Romans, countrymen, and lovers!"

B. n. f. e. *Both hands natural, forwards, elevated*—is the gesture of "SUPPLICATION."

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE COURSE OF PRACTICE

IN

PROSE-READING,

AND IN

ORATORICAL, POETICAL, AND DRAMATIC

DECLAMATION.

A P P E N D I X, & c.

PROSE-READING.

DELICACY OF TASTE.—HUME.

NOTHING is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment, to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest ; cherish reflection ; dispose to tranquillity ; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favorable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations

which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence.

But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point at the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improve, with him, into a solid friendship; and the ardors of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLISEUM.—FORSYTH.

A COLOSSAL taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at

midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls, they have inserted stones which were evidently dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal ; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns ; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric ; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants ; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians burst that consolidating ring ; popes widened the breach ; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment, the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished ; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse ; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a mo-

ment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd ; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices ; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel ; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in the imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery ; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter ; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper ! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin.

As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side, and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom ; inhabited by a beadsman, visited by every caste ; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees all meet here to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray !

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

HUME.

SOME incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given for his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the Queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attentions, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him, in whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet, if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but, after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the Queen. The Countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make

this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and, having obtained a visit from the Queen, she craved her pardon and revealed to her the fatal secret. The Queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying Countess in her bed; and crying to her, that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immoveable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning upon cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, still less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that

her end was visibly approaching ; and the Council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral and secretary to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her ; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots ? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her ; her senses failed ; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without struggle or convulsion, in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumnies of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth ; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices ; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour,

her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, more sincere, more indulgent to her people would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and, while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising,

the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states ; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success ; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice ; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress ; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior ; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity ; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit

is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress ; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ROBERTSON.

To ALL the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not always under the

restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities that befel her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful and excessive: and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion: nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to

Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black ; though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colors. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as regards shape and color. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just ; and she both sang, and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat ; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs.

“No man,” says Brantome, “ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.”

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF LOUIS XVI.

BURKE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must



I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever ! Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, and ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS,

A. D. 1009.—GIBBON.

JERUSALEM has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It

was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the Crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed, and imperfectly restored ; the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished ; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened, and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the Caliph's lieutenant, was entrusted with the defence ; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre ; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians ; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards, (about two English miles and a half,) to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and tor-

of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sinai, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By dint of brutal force they burst the first barrier; but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the

crusaders : a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down ; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred ; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two moveable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful ; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart ; the drawbridge was let down ; and, on Friday, at three in the afternoon, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor ; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mahommedan yoke.

In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant ; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians ; resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage : they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and

the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the Cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion ; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel.

The holy sepulchre was now free ; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow.. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy ; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.—MACKENZIE.*

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain

* Author of "The Man of Feeling." The character of the *philosopher* in this fine story was intended for Hume : I have therefore supplied the *blank* (originally left.) with his name, for the greater convenience of the *reader*. The tale appeared in "The Mirror," 1780.

there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr. Hume's, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place ; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling : but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all ; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted to compassion, it was at least not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal ; that she had been sent for as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent ; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man,

who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night gown* was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one, notwithstanding. Mr. Hume was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit ; at the foot of it, sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown ; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. Hume and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room, without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

" Mademoiselle !" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow ; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness, all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time

* What we, at this day, call a *morning-gown*, was in the eighteenth century called a *night-gown*.

for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones.

"Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the *gouvernante*; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere."

"If he could be moved to our house," said the master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret-room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets and carried across the streets to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time, his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion with all its warmth, but none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. Hume, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter

in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery ; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and their thanksgivings.

"My master," said the old woman, "alas ! he is not a Christian, but he is the best of unbelievers."

"Not a Christian !" exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche ; "yet he saved my father ! Heaven bless him for it ! I would he were a Christian !"

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation ; hence, opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

"But Mr. Hume," said his daughter ; "alas ! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."

She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness ; she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground and left the room.

"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery."

"That is right," replied his landlord.

"I would not wish," continued the old man hesitatingly, "to think otherwise. Did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied

with my recovery as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. -Alas ! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. Hume's hand) ; but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment : my heart dilates with love and gratitude to him ; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure ; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

" You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher ; " but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much ; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland ; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road ; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal ; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased, with her father ; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity ; at least, that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him : their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friend-

ship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simpleness and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse : when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism. On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid ; every ungentle one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the Canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the woods that covered its sides ; below, it circled round

a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches. Mr. Hume enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part.

"It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.

Philosophy could not have done so much in a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when the clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound: he explained their meaning to his guest.

"That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise ; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it ; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us. If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant ; or, here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."

"By no means," answered the philosopher. "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions."

"She is our organist," said La Roche : "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ fitted up to assist our singing."

"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other ; and they walked into the room together.

At the end, stood the organ mentioned by La Roche ; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save herself the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. Hume was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music ; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined ; the words were mostly taken from holy writ ; it spoke the praises of God and his care of good men. The organ was touched with a hand less firm : it paused, it ceased, and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and

rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man ; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation : their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either ; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast ; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. " Our father which art in heaven !" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

" You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. Hume, " when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings ; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion ? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or en-

joyments of the world ; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess ; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm, yet, methinks, I am then allied to God.”

It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country around them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. Hume, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different altitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many ques-

tions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

"They are not seen in Flanders," said Mademoiselle, with a sigh.

"That's an odd remark," said Mr. Hume, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no further.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter in his former visit was recalled to his mind by a view of that range of mountains on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a let-

ter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. Hume's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices ; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event ; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's ; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable ;

and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter where La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. Hume's making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? You never beheld a lovelier."

"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply.

"Alas! it was she, indeed!"

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up close to Mr.

Hume: "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."

"Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?"

"She died of heart-break, I believe, sir; the young gentleman to whom she was to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before this quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions: follow us, sir, and you shall hear him."—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased. La Roche sat for a few moments, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. Hume was not less affected than they.

La Roche arose: "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people.

My friends, it is good so to do, at all seasons it is good ; but in the day of our distress, what a privilege it is ! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord ; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use ; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends—I cannot, I cannot, if I would, (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard ; therefore have I prayed to God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears ; not from speculation, but from experience ; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years ! Such a child too ! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues ; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy : ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I

look towards Him who struck me ; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict ! For we are not as those who die without hope ; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me ; I have not lost my child : but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated ! But ye are also my children : would you that I should not grieve without comfort ? So live as she lived ; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.”

Such was the exhortation of La Roche ; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord ; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. Hume followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past ; at the sight of him, the scene they had just passed rushed again on his mind ; La Roche threw his arms round his neck and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected ; they went together in silence into the parlor where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open ;

La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh my friend," said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. Hume had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtains close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he; "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."

"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith; let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction!"

Mr. Hume's heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted!

MODERN GALLANTRY.—C. LAMB.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females. I shall believe that this principle animates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth

century from the era when we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders. I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged. I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought, in their way, notable adepts in refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish, on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched with the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer bred man in Lothbury. Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one half the drudgery and coarse ser-

vitude of the world shall cease to be performed by woman.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction ; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally. I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer :—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

CHARACTER OF PITT, (LORD CHATHAM.)

GRATTAN.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty ; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chi-

canery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him ; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of his life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents : his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and

instinctive wisdom ; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully ; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation ; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish and overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

PHILLIPS.

HE is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive—

* This character was given at the time of Napoleon's exile to Elba.

a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch,

crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whims, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to Empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent, decision flashed upon his counsels : and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable ; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind ; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn ;—and whether, amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation ; kings were his people—nations were his outposts ; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and

cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailor of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and

sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.* —Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world ; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte ; the first, (and it is to be hoped, the last,) Emperor of the French. That he has done much evil, there is little doubt : that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution ; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition ; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people ; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource ; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

* Sir Humphrey Davy.

ORATORICAL EXTRACTS.

AGAINST THE CHARGE OF BRITISH PREDILECTION.—RANDOLPH, (1811.)

AGAINST whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men, who, in the war of the Revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. It is insufferable: it cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity to be put down in this house, and out of it to meet the lie direct! . Strange, that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! . The great Autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates, are very civil good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. Turks, Jews, and Infidels, Melimelli or the Little Turtle; barbarians and savages of every clime and every color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against

whom ? Against those whose blood runs in our veins ; in common with whom we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen ; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted ; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—trial by jury—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence ;—against our fellow-Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves ! In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty, which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and their valor ? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots—by Washington, Hancock and Henry—than by Chatham, and his illustrious associates in the British Parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us in our struggle. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us ; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sydney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities, which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious

man ! and of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religious principles and convictions. This is a British influence which I can never shake off !

THE ADVANTAGES OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

STORY.

THE importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments ; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes ? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up, for so many centuries, in the Latinity of continental Europe ? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the oriental tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations which may reflect the literal import,

but rarely can reflect, with unbroken force, the beautiful spirit of the text? Shall he, whose vocation it is "to allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way," be himself the blind leader of the blind? Shall he proclaim the doctrines of salvation, who knows not and cares not, whether he preaches an idle gloss or the genuine text of revelation? If a theologian may not pass his life in collating the various readings, he may and ought to aspire to that criticism which illustrates religion by all the resources of human learning—which studies the manners and institutions of the age and country in which Christianity was first promulgated—which kindles an enthusiasm for its precepts by familiarity with the persuasive language of Him who poured out his blessings on the innocent, and of Him at whose impressive appeal Felix trembled.

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties—of instrumental trophies and triumphal arches—of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius, which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, with undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms and chained senates to the chariot wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Aye; as one remembers the face of a dead friend, by

gathering up the broken fragments of his image ;—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice-told ;—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet ;—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

There is one objection, however, on which I would for a moment dwell, because it has a commanding influence over many minds, and is clothed with a specious importance. It is often said, that there have been eminent men and eminent writers, to whom the ancient languages were unknown,—men who have risen by the force of their own talents, and writers who have written with a purity and ease which hold them up as models for imitation. On the other hand, it is as often said, that scholars do not always compose either with ease or chasteness ; that their diction is sometimes loose and harsh, and sometimes ponderous and affected. Be it so : I am not disposed to call in question the accuracy of either statement. But I would, nevertheless, say that the presence of classical learning was not the cause of the faults of the one class, nor the absence of it the cause of the excellence of the other. And I would put this fact, as an answer to all such reasonings, that there is not a single language of modern Europe, in which literature has made any considerable advances, which is not directly of Roman origin, or has not incorporated into its very structure many, very many, of the idioms and peculiarities of the ancient tongues. The English language affords a strong illustration of the truth of this remark : it abounds with words and meanings drawn from clas-

sical sources. Innumerable phrases retain the symmetry of their ancient dress. Innumerable expressions have received their vivid tints from the beautiful dyes of Roman and Grecian roots. If scholars, therefore, do not write our language with ease, or purity, or elegance, the cause must lie somewhat deeper than a conjectural ignorance of its true diction.

There is not a single nation, from the north to the south of Europe—from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy—whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars—of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar schools—of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. It is no exaggeration to declare, that he who proposes to abolish classical studies, proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries ; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages ; to blind us to excellences which few may hope to equal and none to surpass ; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were, in fact, our own.

EXTRACT FROM EMMET'S SPEECH BEFORE SENTENCE OF DEATH BEING PASSED ON HIM.

MY LORDS,—

What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is.—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it find some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur: but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law,

labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct

has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, (wild and chimerical as it may appear,) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No,—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in

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the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son ; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind,—and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life !

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven !—Be yet patient ! I have but a few words more to say.—I am going to my silent grave : my lamp of life is nearly extinguished : my race is run : the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.—I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph : for, as no one who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed,—until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written !

IN FAVOR OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.—CLAY.

AND has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece,—that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? “We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,”—I cannot go through the disgusting recital—my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave! Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils!

If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly, whilst all this is perpetrated on a

Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world, there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie. Sir, the committee has been attempted to be alarmed by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

SPEECH OF CHATHAM, (THEN MR. PITT,) ON
BEING TAUNTED WITH HIS YOUTH,

In reply to Mr. Walpole the minister, (1740,) who had ridiculed the youth of Pitt and the florid style of his oratory.

SIR,—

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be

imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence, or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall

treat him as a calumniator and a villain ; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves ; nor shall anything, but age, restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure : the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—WEBSTER.

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington ! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind,

Washington !—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen !"—Washington is all our own ! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold

him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman ; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime ; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington !

This structure,* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands ; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single State,—ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. In all the constituents of the one,—in all the acts of the other,—in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown,—it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil,—of parents also born upon it,—never for a moment having had a sight of the old world,—instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people,—growing up beneath and penetrated by the

* Bunker-Hill Monument.

genuine influences of American society,—growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization,—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man,—our agony of glory, the war of independence,—our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union and the establishment of the Constitution,—he is all, all our own ! That crowded and glorious life,—

Where multitudes of virtues pass along,
Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng
Contending to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come ;

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends,—I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuit and advancement of happiness,—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory,—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to WASHINGTON !

AGAINST PAINE'S AGE OF REASON. —ERSKINE.

BUT it seems this is an *Age of Reason*, and the time, and the person, are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his *shallowness* filled up with this new flood of light.

But the subject is too awful for irony.—I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters fastened by Nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy—not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter exists and is held together.

* The irony with which Erskine ridicules *Paine's* pretensions to superior wisdom, in this speech, must be distinctly marked. This extract is therefore a good practice on *compound inflection*. (See *Compound Inflections*.)

But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors, which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him. What, then, shall be said of the great Mr. Boyle,—who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the inanimate substances which the foot treads upon?—Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine, to look up through Nature to Nature's God! Yet the result of all *his* contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.

But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth.—Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, was a Christian!—Mr. Locke, whose office it was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountain of thought; and to direct into the proper tract of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense, to the last conclusions of ratiocination:—putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

But these men, it may be said, were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.—Gentlemen! in the plac

where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided ;—whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits :—whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

But it is said by the author, that the Christian *fable* is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the Heathens.—Did Milton understand those mythologies ?—was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world ? No,—they were the subject of his immortal song ; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of real and exalted faith ;—the unquestionable source of that fervid genius which has cast a kind of shade upon all the other works of man.

He pass'd the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze—
He saw—till blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night !

But it was the light of the *body* only, that was extinguished ; “the *celestial light* shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.”—The result of his thinking was, nevertheless, not quite the same as that of the author before us. The mys-

terious incarnation of our blessed Saviour, (which this work blasphemeth, in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, and the ears of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not give them utterance,) Milton made the grand conclusion of his *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his finished labors, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

A virgin is his mother, but his sire,
The power of the Most High ;—he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens !

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author, for the advancement and dignity of the world,—though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL EXTRACTS.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.—GRAY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs,

A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rushing down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar!

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares

And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thou the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay;
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures
Frisking light in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns the graces homage pay,
With arts sublime, that float upon the air;
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,—
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
 To cheer the natives' dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursues, and generous shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around,
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latin plains,
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains;
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling* laid,

* Shakspeare.

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face ; the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
 " This pencil take," she said, " whose colors clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second he,* that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time ;
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night !

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 Their necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace †
 Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed fancy hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn !
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh lyre divine ! what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ! though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air ;

* Milton.

† Expressive of the majestic sound of Dryden's verse.

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,—
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THANATOPSIS.—BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice——

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, and be resolv'd to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements ;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre ! The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green ; and, pour'd round all
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heav'n,
Are shining as the sad abodes of death,
Thro' the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save of his own dashings ; yet,—the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone !

So shalt thou rest ! And what if thou shalt fall
Unnotic'd by the living, and no friend

Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away,—the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocence cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them !

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourg'd to his dungeon ; but, sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams !

THE CHARMS OF HOPE.—CAMPBELL.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountains turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past have been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;
Or, if she hold a pleasure to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister bard,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career,

Primeval Hope, the Aëonian Muses say
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay,—
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,—
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of his iron car,—
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again,—
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind !

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man !

Auspicious HOPE ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe ;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore .
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds, o'er half the world !
Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch, the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills, that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,

Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil :
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.—W. ALLSTON.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil !
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic waves to our shore :
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime ;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan blasted fell with his host ;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun :
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,

More audible than speech,—
“We are One!”

LADY HERON'S SONG.—SCOTT.

OH! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Thro' all the wide border his steel was the best,
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;—
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar! .

So, boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:—
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word!)
“Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway,—but ebbs like its tide:
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,—
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!”

The bride kiss'd the goblet,—the knight took it up,—
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look'd down to blush,—and she look'd up to sigh—
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye!
 He took her soft hand; ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume:
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone,—over bank, bush and scaur,—
 They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan,
 Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.—
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

ST. PETER'S AT ROME—THE VATICAN.—BYRON.

BUT lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell

**Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;**

**But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone,—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.**

**Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
And why ? It is not lessen'd ; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.**

**Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,—
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer paintings—shrines where flame
The lamps of Gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.**

**'Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And as the Ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control**

Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,—

Not by its fault, but thine : Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp ; and, as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

Then pause and be enlighten'd ; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love, and mortal's agony,
 With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain
 The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench : the long, envenom'd chain
 Rivets the living links ; the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The god of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow

All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.*—POPE.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,—
O the pain,—the bliss of dying !
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,—
" Sister spirit, come away !"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens on my eyes,—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O death, where is thy sting,—
O grave, where is thy victory ?

* The difficulty of delivering this exquisite little piece with proper effect, is that of preserving the feeble and failing tone of the *dying man*, and yet conveying the *enthusiastic* confidence of the hopeful *Christian*. The reader must bear in mind these two *phases* of expression.

AFTER THE BATTLE.—MOORE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood, few and faint, but fearless still !
The soldier's hope, the patron's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost !

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die !—
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

SAUL.—BYRON.

I.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear,—
"Samuel, raise thy buried head !
King, behold the phantom seer !"
Earth yawn'd ; he stood, the centre of a cloud ;
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;
His foot, in bony whiteness glitter'd there,
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;
From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.

Saul saw, and fell to earth,—as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke!

II.

“Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day be done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son!
Fare thee well! but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay;
Then thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide;
Crownless, breathless, headless, fall
Son and sire,—the house of Saul!”

ELIZA.—DARWIN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight.
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

Near and more near the intrepid beauty prest,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run, they run!"
"Great heav'n!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh! cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!"
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far
The angel Pity shuns the ranks of war!
"Oh! spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
—From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,—
"Eliza" echoes through the canvass walls.
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead;
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds;
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand:"
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,
And tried with pouting lips, her milkless breast:

"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."—
"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried,
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands and sigh'd;
Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranced he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay:
And then upsprung, with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapt his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

NIGHT.—MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest:
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,—
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,—
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch ;
On Ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved, and left behind.

Night is the time for care :
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumb'ring host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse :
Then, from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and, with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do ;—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends :—such death be mine ! *

* I have omitted the stanza beginning "Night is the time for *toil*,"—because, however beautiful in expression, it inculcates a false principle, inconsistent with a just economy of life.

MODERN GREECE.—BYRON.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,—
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite, with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away,—

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave,—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,—
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?—
The gulf, the rock of Salamis.

These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires:
And he who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear;
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For, Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,—
The mountains of their native land!

THE LEPER.—WILLIS.

"Room for the leper! room!"—And, as he came
 The cry pass'd on—"Room for the leper! room!"—
 Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,
 Rosy and beautiful: and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in,
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells,—
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence,—or the sick,
 Hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.
 —"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
 Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering,—stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
 Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful; and life
 Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip.
 And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride, that every eye
 Followed with benisons;—*and this was he!*

And he went forth—alone ! Not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
 Was woven in the fibres of his heart
 Breaking within him now, to come and speak
 Comfort unto him. Yea,—he went his way,
 Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die !
 For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,
 And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd
 The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,
 Praying that he might be so blest,—to die !
 —Footsteps approach'd ; and with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer on his lip,
 Crying, "Unclean ! Unclean !" and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
 "Helon !"—The voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet ;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill !
 "Helon ! arise !"—and he forgot his curse, . .
 And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
 Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
 As he beheld the stranger.—He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;—
 No followers at His back,—nor in His hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear ;—yet if He smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced His lips,

A lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn,
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
—He look'd on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist; and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's sole:
His leprosy was cleans'd; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

A POETESS'S PICTURE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Ev'N now, methinks,
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by laboring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses, and every gay and fragrant plant,
Before my fancy stands a fairy bower;
Aye, and within it, too, do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if, indeed,
The flowers grow not too close; and there within,
Thou'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—

Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly?—

I'll gather round my board
All that heav'n sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers and neighboring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tip-toe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow,
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we'll have, and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall thunder loud, strike on the distant ear
Of nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloister'd and demure,
We shall not be: but every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked up valleys, to our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber by the crackling fire,
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.—F. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee;
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;

She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth !

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—F. HEMANS.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprison'd sire ;

"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I bring thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's
chain!"

"Rise, rise! ev'n now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day,
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bound on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there in very truth is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heav'd, his cheek's blood
came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there dismount-
ing bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like
lead,—

He look'd up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fix'd and white;
He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gaz'd, but who could paint
that gaze?

They hush'd their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the
blood.

"Father!" at length, he murmur'd low, and wept like child-
hood then:—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down,

Then, covering, with his steel-glov'd hands, his darkly mournful
brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now—
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners wav'd, my sire! beside thee
yet,

I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields
were won,—

And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as if thou hadst no son."

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the raging war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where
are they?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjur'd soul, send life through this
cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this *earth* is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was
shed,—

Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be mountains on thy
head!"

He loos'd the steed; his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turn'd from the
sad place:

His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain!

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.—L. HUNT.

KING Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
he sigh'd :

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal hearts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
their paws :

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than
there!"

De Lorge's love o'er-heard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd
the same;

She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him
and smil'd;

He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regain'd the
place,—

Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

PATIENCE AND HOPE.—BULWER.

UPON a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an angel watching the wild sea ;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore—Eternity !

“ Why dost thou watch the wave ?
Thy feet the waters lave,
The tide engulphs thee, if thou do remain,”
“ Unscath'd I watch the wave ;—
Time not the Angel's grave,—
I wait until the waters ebb again.”

Hush'd on the Angel's breast
I saw an infant rest
Smiling on the gloomy hell below,
“ What is the infant prest,
O angel, to thy breast ?”
“ The child God gave me in the long ago !

“ Mine all upon the earth—
—The angel's angel birth,
Smiling all terror from the howling wild !”—
Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet
Of PATIENCE nursing HOPE—the Angel and the Child !

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.—LEIGH HUNT,

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
 And to the presence in the room he said—
 "What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so;"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then
 Write me as one that loves my fellow men."
 —The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd;
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

COXCOMBRY IN CONVERSATION.—COWPER.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,—
 As if the gnomon on his neighbor's phiz,
 Touch'd with a magnet, had attracted his.
 His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves, after all, a wind-gun's airy charge,—
 An extract of his diary,—no more,—
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,—
 "Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,—
 A fine puss gentleman, that's all perfume:
 His odoriferous attempts to please,

Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees ;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,—
Poets,—are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he ;
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop ;—significant and budge,
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you, by his looks, to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home :
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,—
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love,—
But, when unpack'd, your disappointment groans,
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth and stones.

YESTERDAY.—TUPPER.

SPEAK, poor almsman, of to-day, whom none can assure of a
to-morrow,

Tell out, with honest heart, the price thou settest upon
yesterday.

Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of Idleness
Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for ever ?

Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashioned by the toying waves,
Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the returning
tide ?

Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,
That melted into limpid air, before it topp'd the larches ?

Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men soon
forget ?

Is it as the stranger of the night,—gone, we heed not whither?
Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as these,
Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of yesterday!

For behold—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's rock-built
shrine,

Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth in vain,
That stout old forest fir—these waking verities of life,

This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but a son,—
Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a rainbow
on the cloud,

Weigh'd against that solid fact, thine ill-remember'd yesterday.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature shall in-
struct us.

Luxuriantly the arguments for Truth spring native in her
gardens;

Seek we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring his
axe to the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air;
Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tighten'd rope,
Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground
elastic,

The huge tree boweth like Sisera boweth to its foes with
faintness,—

Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling anguish of
Goliath;

The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart, and
lo! with solemn slowness,

The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—toppled with
a crash,—and is fallen!

Now, shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson;

Now, can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.

Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,

Eddying in various waves to the red bark's shore-like rim?

These be the gatherings of yesterdays, present all to-day,

This is the tree's judgment,—self-history that cannot be gainsaid.
Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh ring
is narrow'd,

The fifth from hence was half a deluge,—the fifth is cellular
and broad ;

Thus, Man, thou art a result of the growth of many yesterdays,
That stamp thy secret soul with growth of weal or woe ;

Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds ;
Spirit has its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their
season :

Here is a knot,—it was a crime : there is a canker,—selfishness ;
Lo, here the heart-wood rotten ; lo, there, perchance, the sap-
wood sound ;

Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee, of thee ;
Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors.

And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not thy
wounds with poison,

As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yes-
terday.

It is well, thou hast life and light ; and the Hearer showeth
mercy,

Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy
tardy fruits ;

But even here, as thou standest, cheerful belike and careless,
The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy
wrong is in thee :

For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays
of sin,

That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows.

Shall then a man reckon nothing, but hurl mad defiance at his
Judge,

Knowing that less than an omnipotent cannot make the has
been, not been ?

He ought, so Satan spake ; he must, so Atheism urgeth ;

He may, it was the libertine's thought ; he doth,—the bad world
said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for simplicity,
While Nature warmeth thee betimes, heed the loving counsel
of Religion.

True, this change is good, and penitence most precious ;
But trust not thou thy change ; nor rest upon repentance ;
For we all are corrupted at the core, smooth as our surface
seemeth ;

What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rottenness
hath fed upon the bones ?

And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of affection,
Art spotless, though so passing fair, nor thou, wild patriarch of
virtue ;

Behold then the better tree of Life, free unto us all for grafting,
Cut thee from the hollow root of self, to be budded on a richer vine,
Be desperate, O man, as of evil so of good ; tear that tunic from
thee ;

The past can never be retriev'd, be the present what it may.
Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and vigil ;
The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his scars ?
It is man's to famish as a faquir, it is man's to die a devotee ;
Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages of
Eternity :

But, it is God's to yearn in love on the humblest, the poorest,
and the worst ;

For he has giv'n freely, as a King, asking only thanks for mercy.
Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute ; seeing thy woes, he
pitied thee ;

Bow'd beneath the mountain of thy sin and perish'd,—but for
God-head.

There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in his love
is there,

Emptying, on wretched man, the blessings earn'd from heav'n.
Put them not away—hide them in thy breast, poor and penitent
receiver ;

Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear unto
obedience :

Remember the pruning knife is keen, cutting cankers even from
the vine ;

Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them liveth in
perdition.

Yea,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,
Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yesterdays :
And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble
in his flight,—

The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts.
O man ! there is a storm behind, should drive in thy bark to haven :
The foe, the foe, is on thy track, patient, certain and avenging ;
Day by day, solemnly and silently followeth the fearful past,—
His step is lame but sure ; for he catcheth the present in eternity :
And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future ?

How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes unexistent ?
Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his memories,
Grafted on the living Tree that was before a yesterday ;
No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation,
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday.
There is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of thine
Avenger,

Close at hand, with its wicket on the latch ; haste for thy life,
poor hunted one !

The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and
dagger ;

Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poniard
of to-day ;

Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt ; fly, thy shield is shiver'd ;
Leap the barriers and baffle him ; the arena of the past is his.
The bounds of guilt are the cycles of time ; thou must be safe
within Eternity ;

The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from yesterday.

A POET'S PARTING THOUGHT.*—MOTHERWELL.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,—
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hoary,
Its lonesome crown'd,—
Will there be then one, vers'd in misery's story,
Pacing it round?—

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—

* These lines of Motherwell,—so touching in their simple pathos, and so unselfish in the calm resignation of their close,—were given to a friend by the author, a day or two before his decease.

A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently¹ in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart ;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start :
It were in vain,—for time hath long been knelling ;—
Sad one, depart !

DIALOGUE AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—CAMPBELL.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.*

Wiz.—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
 They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!
 But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead.

* In this dialogue, the *tone* of the Wizard, or *Seer*—who is supposed to be gifted with *second-sight*—must be *deep*, and *solemn*; increasing in *pitch* and force as the images of *horror* crowd upon his vision, and varied occasionally by the soft tones of *grief*. The expression of the chieftain *Lochiel* must be that of bold *confidence*, *daring*, and *contempt* of the Wizard's prediction. His pitch will therefore be higher, and his *tone* louder.

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Loc.—Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle—to cover the phantoms of flight.

Wiz.—Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!—
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh! crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling; all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

Loc.—False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their hearts are but one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wiz.—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!

For, dark and despairing my sight I may seal, -
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.—
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!—
 'Tis finish'd! Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?—
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling! Oh! Mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my bosom to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Loc.—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult or in death be laid low—
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

CATO ON THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.—ADDISON.

[CATO is seated with Plato's treatise in his hand, and beside him his sword.—The *expression* should be solemn, and the declamation of a lofty and dignified character.]

It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well:
 Else whence this fond desire, this pleasing hope,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and shudders at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man!—
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!—
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new forms and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold.—If there's a power above,—
 And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,—he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy:
 But when? or how?—This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures; this must end 'em!

(*taking up the sword.*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my life and death,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
 But this assures me I shall never die!
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,—
 Thou still shalt flourish in eternal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

MARC ANTONY'S APOSTROPHE* TO CÆSAR'S
BODY.—SHAKS.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived, in the tide of times!
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood,
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;—
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;—
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atê† by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;—
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial!

* This *apostrophe* is a fine practice in *intonation* and powerful and *impassioned declamation*. The speaker should commence in the deep, solemn tone of grief; making a *burst of passion* as he *prophesies* the *curse* that is to follow; and increase in *energy* till he reach the *climax* at the close.

† Pronounced ²*Āte*⁶—the goddess of *discord*.

o*

SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.—SHAKS.

BRUTUS—CASSIUS.

Cas.—Will you go see the order of the course?*Bru.*—Not I.*Cas.*—I pray you, do.*Bru.*—I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.*Cas.*—Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.*Bru.*—Cassius,
Be not deceived: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.*Cas.*—Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.—
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?*Bru.*—No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.*Cas.*—'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror, as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow—I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome—
Except immortal Cæsar—speaking of Brutus,—
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru.—Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas.—Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester: if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And, after, scandal them: or if you know
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous,

Bru.—What means this shouting?—I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas.—Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru.—I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But, wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas.—I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou. Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I—as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulders,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru.—Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas.—Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some times are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.—
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man!
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru.—That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not—so with love I might entreat you—
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.—
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.—SHAKS.

[The *expression* should be of bitter *sarcasm*.]

SIGNOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then—You come to me, and you say
“Shylock, we would have monies.” You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
“Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman’s key,
With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this—
“Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You call’d me—dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much monies.”

HENRY IVTH'S APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.—SHAKS.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

THE SEVEN AGES.—SHAKS.

ALL the world's a stage;
 And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man, in his time, plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice.
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound:—Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "ION."

TALFOURD.

The Royal Chamber. ADRASTUS on a couch, asleep.

Enter Ion, with a knife.

Ion.—Why do I creep thus stealthily along
 With trembling steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven,
 To execute its mandate on a king

Whom it hath doom'd ? And shall I falter now,
 While every moment that he breathes may crush
 Some life else happy ? Can I be deceived
 By some foul passion, crouching in my soul,
 Which takes a radiant form to lure me on ?
 Assure me, gods !—Yes ; I have heard your voices
 For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm
 And see me strike ! [*He goes to the couch.*]

He's smiling in his slumber,
 As if some happy thought of innocent days
 Play'd at his heart-strings : must I scare it thence
 With Death's sharp agony ?—He lies condemn'd
 By the high judgment of supernal Powers,
 And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus !
 Collect thy spirits and be strong to die !

Adras.—Who dares disturb my rest ? Guards ! Soldiers !
 Recreants !

Where tarry ye ? Why smite ye not to earth
 This bold intruder ? Ha ! no weapon here !—
 What wouldst thou with me, ruffian ? [*Rising.*]

Ion.—I am none ;
 But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand,
 To take thy life, long forfeited—Prepare !
 Thy hour is come !

Adras.—Villains ! does no one hear ?

Ion.—Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
 With torturing hope or idle rage ; thy guards,
 Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,
 While the most valiant of our Argive youths
 Hold every passage by which human aid
 Could reach thee. Present death is the award
 Of Powers who watch above me, while I stand
 To execute their sentence.

Adras.—Thou !—I know thee—
 The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
 I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
 If thou dar'st do it ; but bethink thee first

How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave!

Ion.—It is most true ;
Thou spar'dst my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,
Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh
To rot untomb'd, glide by, and frown on me,
Their slow avenger,—and the chamber swarms
With looks of Furies.—Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters ! If there is a friend,
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token.
Speak thy last bidding.

Adras.—I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me !

Ion.—Not one friend !
Most piteous doom !

Adras.—Art melted ?

Ion.—If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness ; mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,
And we shall fall together. Be it so !

Adras.—No ; strike at once ; my hour is come : in thee
I recognise the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [*Adrastus kneels.*]

Ion.—Avert thy face !

Adras.—No ; let me meet thy gaze ;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me ;—and which now my sense
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood

Mournful and calm ;—'tis surely there ;—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel ! Do not turn away.

Ion.—Gods ! to what office have ye doom'd me !—Now !

[*ION raises his arm to stab ADRASTUS, who is kneeling, and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of MEDON is heard without, calling "Ion ! Ion !" — ION drops his arm.*]

Adras.—Be quick, or thou art lost !

[*MEDON rushes in behind him.*]

Medon.—Ion, forbear !

Behold thy son, Adrastus !

[*ION drops the knife and stands stupified with horror.*]

Adras.—What strange words

Are these which call my senses from the death
They were composed to welcome ?—Son ! 'tis false—
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him !

Medon.—That wave received, instead of the fair nurseling,
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight
In wicked haste to slay ; I'll give thee proofs.

Adras.—Great Jove, I thank thee !—proofs !
Are there not here the lineaments of her
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,
That bade the long-seal'd fount of love gush out,
While with a prince's constancy he came
To lay his noble life down ; and the sure,
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,
Arm'd for the traitor's deed ?—It is my child !

[*ION sinks on one knee before ADRASTUS.*]

Ion.—Father !

[*A noise without.*]

Medon.—The clang of arms !

Ion, (starting up.)—They come ! they come !
They who are leagued with me against thy life.
Here let us fall !

Adras.—I will confront them yet.

Within I have a weapon which has drunk
 A traitor's blood ere now ;—there will I wait for them.
 No power less strong than death shall part us now !

[*They go in together.*]

QUARREL SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.—SHAKS.

[In this dialogue, the manner of *Brutus* should be dignified, and sarcastic ; while that of *Cassius* should be quick, impetuous, and passionate.]

CASSIUS AND BRUTUS.

Cas.—That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians,—
 Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
 (Because I knew the man,) were slighted off.

Bru.—You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas.—In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

Cas.—I an itching palm !—
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, by the gods, that speech were else your last.

Bru.—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas.—Chastisement !

Bru.—Remember March—the ides of March remember !
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas.—Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.—Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas.—I am.

Bru.—I say, you are not.

Cas.—Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru.—Away, slight man !

Cas.—Is't possible ?

Bru.—Hear me, for I will speak.—
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas.—Ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru.—All this ? ay, more.—Fret, till your proud heart break.—
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble : Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor !—By the gods !
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—
When you are waspish.

Cas.—Is it come to this ?

Bru.—You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas.—You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better!—

Did I say better?

Bru.—If you did I care not.

Cas.—When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru.—Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.—I durst not?

Bru.—No.

Cas.—What? durst not tempt him?

Bru.—For your life, you durst not.

Cas.—Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru.—You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?—

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

Cas.—I denied you not.

Bru.—You did.

Cas.—I did not:—He was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru.—I do not,—till you practise them on me.

Cas.—You love me not.

Bru.—I do not like your faults.

Cas.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas.—Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman : all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast : within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar : for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru.—Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas.—Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru.—When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas.—Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru.—And my heart too ! [*They embrace.*]

Cas.—O, Brutus !

Bru.—What's the matter ?

Cas.—Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru.—Yes, Cassius ; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

BOBADIL'S MILITARY TACTICS.—BEN JONSON.

[With the *bombastic* expression of an empty braggart.]

I WILL tell you, Sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself ; but, were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ? Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself ; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong and able constitution ; I would choose them by an *instinct*, a character that I have : and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccato, your Imbrocato, your Passado, your Montanto ;* till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in their honor refuse us ! Well, we would kill them ; challenge twenty more, kill *them* ; twenty more, kill *them* ; twenty more, kill them too : and thus would we kill, every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days a thousand : forty thousand—forty times five, five times forty,—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my

* Terms of the Fencing-School.

poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, (provided there be no treason practised upon us,) by discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

✓ **MARC ANTONY'S ORATION.—SHAKS.**

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
 (For Brutus is an honorable man,
 So are they all, all honorable men)—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;

P

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear his testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dear Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops;
 Kind souls! What, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.—

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed, are honorable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it: They are wise and honorable:
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend: and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.—OTWAY.

[DUKE, (seated in the centre,) with Senators seated on each side. PIERRE, in chains, in front on the left. RENAULT and others in chains, near him.]

Pier.—You, my lords, and fathers,
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves,) of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labor'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honors?

Duke.—Go on: you shall be heard, sir.

Pier.—Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbors;
When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in your palace;
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honor, and the way to greatness?
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base,
And brave enough to tell me, I'm a traitor!

Duke.—Know you one Jaffier?

Pier.—Yes, and know his virtue:
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Duke.—See him brought forth.

Enter JAFFIER (in chains.)

Pier.—My friend too bound! Nay, then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,
They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier
Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?

Jaff.—To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave,
Who e'er betray'd a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was t' have crown'd,
Has this curs'd tongue o'erthrown.

Pier.—So, then, all's over :
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life,
No more !

Duke.—Say ; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy ?

Pier.—Curs'd be your senate, curs'd your constitution !
The curse of growing factions, and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these vile chains to me !

Duke.—Pardon, or death ?

Pier.—Death ! honorable death !

Ren.—Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.
No shameful bonds, but honorable death !

Duke.—Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffier, you're free, the rest must wait for judgment.

[DUKE, Senators, Conspirators, and Officers, go out.]

Pier.—Come, where's my dungeon ? Lead me to my straw :
It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do your senate service.

Jaff.—Hold one moment. [Meeting PIERRE.]

Pier.—Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate ?
Presumptuous rebel ! [Strikes JAFFIER.] On !

Jaff.—By Heaven, you stir not !
I must be heard ! I must have leave to speak,
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow ;
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries ;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
And, as there dwells a god-like nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications,

Pier.—What whining monk art thou? What holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And can'tst thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!

Jaff.—Not know me, Pierre!

Pier.—No, know thee not. What art thou?

Jaff.—Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valu'd friend!
Tho' now deservedly scoru'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier.—Thou, Jaffier! thou, my once-lov'd, valu'd friend!
By heavens, thou ly'st; the man so call'd my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,—
Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect:
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff.—I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not.

Pier.—Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-lov'd, honest, valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?
Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff.—All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier.—What's that?

Jaff.—To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier.—Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this hated city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer!
To lose it, may be, at last, in a base quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't,

Jaff.—By all that's just——

Pier.—Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaff.—Then by that doom I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till, to thyself at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pier.—Not leave me!

Jaff.—No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And take me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.

Pier.—Art thou not——

Jaff.—What?

Pier.—A traitor!

Jaff.—Yes.

Pier.—A villain!

Jaff.—Granted.

Pier.—A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honor; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life!

Jaff.—All, all, and more, much more; my faults are numberless.

Pier.—And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff.—No; 'tis to me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier.—I scorn it more, because preserved by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth,

Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,—
 Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n :
 So I restore it back to thee again ;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it—farewell !—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff.—Say thou wilt live, then.

Pier.—For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I am tired with.

Jaff.—O Pierre !

Pier.—No more ! [*Going.*]

Jaff.—My eyes won't lose the sight of thee, [*Holding him.*]
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier.—Leave me—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw thee from
 me. [*Throws him off.*]

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee !

[*PIERRE rushes out on the right side. JAFFIER goes out on the left.*]

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.—SHERIDAN.

[In a very bold, energetic, and heroic style.]

My brave associates ! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ? No ! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirits have compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule : we for our country, our altars, and our homes ! They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore !—Whene'er they move in

anger, desolation tracks their progress: whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast they come but to enlarge our minds, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes; *they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection. Yes; such protection as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they *promise*. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honor is the people's choice: the laws we reverence are our brave forefather's legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in peace with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave!—Tell your invaders this: and tell them, too, we seek no change,—and, least of all, such change as they would offer us.

SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF "MONEY."

BULWER.

[In dialogues like the following, which are supposed to be copies of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the speaker should be *easy*, animated, unrestrained, and free from effort and declamation. Practice of this kind will tend to give grace and variety to his elocution.]

SCENE—EVELYN'S house in London.

EVELYN, *a rich man of fashion*—STOUT and GLOSSMORE, *violent politicians of opposite parties*—SHARP, *a lawyer*.

Enter EVELYN, meeting STOUT, who comes in out of breath with haste—SHARP is seated at a desk.

Evelyn.—Stout, you look heated!

Stout. (*With great eagerness, but pompously.*)—I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn.—It is true. Sharp says it's ● bargain.

P*

Stout.—Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Grogin-hole, can't live another month—excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that's bigoted, here comes Glossmore!
[Crosses behind EVELYN to his left hand.]

Enter GLOSSMORE.

Gloss. [*Eagerly.*]—So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Grogin-hole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentleman-like!) Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the constitution depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout.—Popkins is your man.

Evelyn. [*Musing.*]—Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher. Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I am puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Grogin-hole.

Stout.—Your property's known there!

Evelyn.—But purity of election—independence of voters.—

Stout.—To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins.

Evelyn.—Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss.—Cipher has a stake in the country—will have fifty thousand a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of fifty thousand a-year will be affected by the motion.

Evelyn.—Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That *is* law!

Stout.—Popkins is all for economy: there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker five thousand a-year,

when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money.

Gloss.—Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout.—And too much sense for a bigot.

Gloss.—A bigot, sir!

Stout.—Yes, a bigot!

[*Puts his hat on, and with his hands in his pockets looks fiercely at GLOSSMORE.*]

Evelyn. [*Laughing.*—Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all. Did you ever play at battledore?

Both.—Battledore!

Evelyn.—Battledore—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But, when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather!—Go and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

[*Crosses to the left.*]

Stout [*aside.*—Sad ignorance! Aristocrat!

Gloss. [*aside.*—Heartless principles! Parvenu!

Stout.—Then you don't go *against* us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss.—Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout.—I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history.

[*Goes out.*]

Gloss.—I must go to the club:—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone.

[*Goes out.*]

Evelyn.—All parties alike! nothing but money! Money *versus* Man!—Sharp, come here—let me look on you. [*Sharp arises from the desk.*—You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist? in what part of us?

Sharp.—In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn.—Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches' pocket! Observe, I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets as honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons, as well as we do; excellent in form, imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind. God made man; behold what mankind has made a god! By the bye, Sharp, send a hundred pounds to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

Sharp.—Yes, sir.

Evelyn.—Well, man, don't stand gaping there: have you no bowels? Go and see to it immediately.

[*They go out at opposite sides.*]

SCENE FROM THE POOR GENTLEMAN.—COLMAN.

[To this dialogue, the same observations as those which preceded the last apply; with this addition, that the *eccentric* peculiarities of OLLAPOD must be marked by a *brisk* utterance and a *comic* manner.]

CHARACTERS: SIR CHARLES CROPLAND—WARNER, *his Steward*
—OLLAPOD.

War.—Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

Sir C.—A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

War.—Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir C.—Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

War.—The country about you so charming!

Sir C.—Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

War.—The most beautiful part of the country!

Sir C.—Hang beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

War.—A land of milk and honey!

Sir C.—I hate milk and honey!

War.—A land of fat!

Sir C.—Melt your fat! Listen to me: my estate being in Kent—

War.—So woody!

Sir C.—Burn the wood! No, that's wrong—for its convenient; I am come on purpose to cut it.

War.—Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir C.—But you are not the forest, and why the deuce do you groan for it?

War.—I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir C.—And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take especial care the trees sha'nt intercept their prospect. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

War.—I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir C.—What do you mean by duties?

War.—Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil: such as to support the dignity of an

English landholder, for the honor of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succor the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

Sir C.—A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Ah! Ollapod!

Oll.—Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Should'nt be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C.—Oh, yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Oll.—He! he! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C.—Explain.

Oll.—Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter.—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C.—Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Oll.—On that head! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one!—Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who

should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapelle! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C.—Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favorable sort.

Oll.—Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar.—We then talked of physic: I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C.—Take!—Oh, nobody can miss.

Oll.—He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C.—Well, you jumped at the offer?

Oll.—Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service!

Sir C.—I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Oll.—Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir C.—A mistake!

Oll.—Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great eclat; but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C.—Ha! ha! ha! A mistake indeed.

Oll.—Rather awkward!—But, Sir Charles, excuse me—your servant! I must march—patients impatient. You take?

Sir C.—O yes: and so will they, I fancy, before you've done with them.

Oll.—Ha! physic—certainly! Salts, rhubarb, senna, coliquintida, scammony, gambouge. Good, good! thank you, good sir; I owe you one. [They go out on opposite sides.]

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

SHAKS.

[In the deep tone of solemn reflection.]

To BE—or not to be?—that is the question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,—
 Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them!—To die?—to sleep:
 No more: and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd!—To die,—to sleep:—
 To sleep?—perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:

For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause ! There's the respect
 Which makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ?—Who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscover'd country from whose bourne
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.—
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

NIGHT SOLILOQUY IN VENICE.—BYRON.

SCENE—*Palace of the patrician LIONI.*

LIONI, *laying aside his cloak and mask.*

I WILL to rest, right weary of this revel,
 The gayest we have held, for many moons.
 And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not ;
 There came a heaviness across my heart,
 Which, in the lightest movement of the dance,
 Oppress'd me,
 And through my spirit chilled my blood, until

A damp, like death, rose o'er my brow ; I strove
To laugh the thought away, but 'twould not be ;
So that I left the festival before
It reached its zenith, and will woo my pillow
For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetfulness.—

I will try
Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis
A goodly night: the cloudy wind which blew
From the Levant, hath crept into its cave,
And the broad moon has brightened.—What a stillness !
And what a contrast with the scene I left,
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
More pallid gleam along the tap'stried walls,
Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries,
A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which showed all things, but nothing as they were !

Around me are the stars and waters,—
Worlds mirrored in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass ;
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Softened with the first breathings of the spring ;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles, and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed.
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely ; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks, is gliding like a spirit.

The tinkling of some vigilant guitars
 Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
 And cautious opening of the casement, showing
 That he is not unheard; while her young hand,—
 Fair as the moonlight, of which it seems part,
 So delicately white, it trembles in
 The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
 To let in love through music,—makes his heart
 Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;—the dash
 Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
 Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
 And the responsive voices of the choir
 Of boatmen, answering back, with verse for verse—
 Some dusky shadow, checkering the Rialto—
 Some glimmering palace-roof, or tapering spire—
 Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
 The ocean-born and earth-commanding city.
 How sweet and soothing is the hour of calm!
 I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased away
 Those horrid bodements, which, amidst the throng,
 I could not dissipate, and,—with the blessing
 Of thy benign and quiet influence,—
 Now will I to my couch, although to rest
 Is almost wronging such a night as this.

TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—SHAKS.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*

*The DUKE, Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO,
 and SHYLOCK.*

Duke.—Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal :
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.—

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy.—I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ; I'll not answer that ;
But say, it is my humour : is it answered ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd :—what are you answered yet ?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig :
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
Now for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bass.—This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty,

Shy.—I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass.—Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy.—Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass.—Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy.—What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant.—I pray you, think you question with the Jew :

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well—do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—(than which what's harder ?)—
His Jewish heart : therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass.—For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy.—If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke.—How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

Shy.—What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs :
Why sweat they under their burdens ?—let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law.
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke.—Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.—
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke.—Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por.—I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke.—Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

[*They stand forth.*]

Por.—Is your name Shylock?

Shy.—Shylock is my name.

Por.—Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant.—Ay, so he says.

Por.—Do you confess the bond?

Ant.—I do.

Por.—Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy.—On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por.—The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
- The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice : therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.—I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy.—My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por.—Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass.—Yes, here I tender it for him in the court
 Yea, thrice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart ;
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority ;
 To do a great right, do a little wrong :
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por.—It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established :
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy.—[*In an ecstasy of delight.*—]—A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

Por.—I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy.—Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. [*Gives it.*]

Por.—Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy.—An oath, an oath ; I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury on my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por.—Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy.—When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment ; by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant.—Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por.—Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife ;—
Shy.—O, noble judge ! O, excellent young man !

Por.—For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy.—'Tis very true : O, wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por.—Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy.—Ay, his breast :
So says the bond :—Doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

Por.—It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy.—I have them ready.

[*Produces the scales out of the folds of his cloak.*]

Por.—Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy.—Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por.—It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

Y were good you do so much for charity.

Shy.—I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por.—Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

[*Portia takes a seat near the Duke—Shylock stands musing.*]

Ant.—But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Shy.—We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por.—[*Comes forward.*].—A pound of that same merchant's
flesh is thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy.—Most rightful judge !

Por.—And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy.—Most learned judge !—a sentence ; come, prepare.

Por.—Tarry a little ; there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh ;

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra.—O, upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—a learned judge !

Shy.—[*Tremulously.*].—Is that the law ?

Por.—Thyself shall see the act:

Q

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra.—O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!

Shy.—I take this offer, then ;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass.—Here is the money.

Por.—Soft :

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra.—O, Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por.—Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh ; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ! nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra.—A second Daniel ! a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por.—Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeit

Shy.—Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass.—I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por.—He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra.—A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy.—Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por.—Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy.—Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por.—Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice—
If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.—
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

[Retires to the Duke.]

Gra.—Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke.—That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit:
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. [Seated by the Duke.]—Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy.—Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por.—What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra.—A halter gratis; nothing else, for heaven's sake.

Ant.—So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more—that, for this favor,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke.—He shall do this; or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por.—Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy.—I am content.—

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
 I am not well; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke.—Get thee gone, but do it.

Gr.—In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke.—Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

[*To PORTIA.*]

Por.—I humbly desire your grace of pardon;
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke.—I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*The Court breaks up—all go out.*]

SCENE FROM HENRY VIII.—SHAKS.

[The tone of WOLSEY should be that of a *proud* spirit,
 broken, but not subdued; and at last agonised with *remorse*.
 That of CROMWELL should mark the *humble*, but faithful and
sympathising friend.]

WOLSEY—[*alone.*]

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!—
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And—when he thinks, good easy man ! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again !—

Enter CROMWELL.

Wol.—Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom.—I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.—What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an' you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom.—How does your grace ?

Wol.—Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Crom.—I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol.—I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom.—The heaviest and worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.—God bless him!

Crom.—The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.—That's somewhat sudden:—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—
What more?

Crom.—That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol.—That's news indeed!

Crom.—Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel: and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol.—There was the weight that pull'd me down! O Crom-
well!

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
On my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell!
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king:
I have told him

What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let,
Thy hopeful service perish too:—go, Cromwell!

Crom.—O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!—
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours!

Wol.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee—
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it!
Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: then, if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr!—
Lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny—'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God, with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Crom.—Good sir, have patience.

Vol.—So I have.—Farewell
 The hopes of Court! My hopes in heaven do dwell!
 [*They go out together.*]

CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.—ADDISON.

[*With a heroic, but dignified expression.*]

THANKS to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.—
 Welcome, my son! Here set him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
 How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
 Who would not be that youth?—what pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country!
 Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends?
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
 Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—
 Porcius, behold thy brother! and remember,
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it!
 When Rome demands!—but Rome is now no more!
 The Roman Empire's fall'n!—(Oh! curs'd ambition!)—
 Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.—
 * Porcius, come hither to me!—Ah! my son,
 Despairing of success,
 Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,
 To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
 In humble virtues and a rural life.
 There live retired: content thyself to be
 Obscurely good.

* In recitation, the pupil may omit the lines between the asterisks.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honor is a private station !*
 Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepar'd by my command—
 Their sails already op'ning to the winds,—
 That shall convey you to the wish'd for port.
 The conqueror draws near—once more, farewell !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more !
 There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquer'd ! The firm patriot there,
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Tho' still by faction, vice and fortune, cross'd,
 Shall find the generous labor was not lost.

Q*

THE END.

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